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*Independent Journal.*

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PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., EDITOR.

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T E R M S .

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\* This Sermon was kindly furnished by the author for the last Number, but was necessarily deferred.

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UNITY OF THE CHURCH AMID APPARENT  
DIVERSITIES.

CHRISTIANITY demands a Church. It concerns us, not only as individuals, but as social beings sustaining a common relation to the one God and Father of all, the one Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It not only brings individual souls into their right relation to God through Christ, but also into their right relation to each other; and the union of Christians in a church is promotive both of their piety towards God and their charity towards one another.

Our Saviour foretold the existence of a Church, and ascribed the formation of it to himself. *On this rock I will build my Church.* The word *build* implies the bringing together into connected order what before had been separate and scattered. Believers in Christ do not exist separately and alone, or unconnected with each other, but they form one building, of which Christ is the foundation; they are living stones in one temple, in which the spirit of Jesus continually dwells; they form one living body, of which Christ is the animating and ruling Head.

One cannot but observe how our Lord, in all his dis-

courses with his disciples, aims to preserve and strengthen their union together. His object is to found and establish a society of those who shall be united together for the accomplishment of one common purpose. As an announcement of his coming it is proclaimed, The kingdom of Heaven is at hand. His public discourses and private conversations relate chiefly to the nature, progress, and completion of his kingdom. He was accused before Pilate of claiming to be a king, and with his own mouth he replied, I am a king. This kingdom is established in the heart of each individual believer, for in every such heart Christ reigns supreme; but this word *kingdom of Heaven*, or *kingdom of God*, is not only a most expressive name for true piety in the heart, denoting supreme allegiance to God, but it also implies the *community* of those who are citizens of this kingdom. It points to a visible fellowship of those who acknowledge the same sovereign authority, and are animated with one common loyalty to the same Ruler and Lord. The subjects of this kingdom are to stand and act together, to contend against their common foe, until the whole earth shall acknowledge the sway of Jesus as Lord of all.

But the Church as it now exists in the world is cut up into various divisions. At first the distinctive title of all believers in Christ was simply that of *Christians*. They were indeed called by other names among themselves, but that was the name given them by the world, and that was sufficient. But now various adjuncts are thought necessary to distinguish the various parties into which the Church is divided. Christians of different name have often mourned over these divisions, and occasionally labored for some expression of union and for some co-operation in the great work of promoting in all the earth the kingdom of their common Lord. It becomes, therefore, an important question, What is the true ground of Christian fellowship? or, Wherein consists the unity of the Church amid apparent diversities?

On one occasion the disciples reported to their Lord, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." But Jesus said, "Forbid him not, for there is no man which shall do a miracle *in my name*, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink *in my name*, because *ye belong to Christ*, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." That which made this man acceptable in the view of our Saviour was that he did his miracle *in his name*. Perhaps the man had never seen our Lord, and had only heard of him; but he believed in him as one in whom God had visited the earth, as one in whom dwelt the power of God to bless and save the souls of men. From this incident in the Gospel narrative we may learn that it is the *name of Christ* that is the bond of fellowship among all his disciples. And by the *name of Christ* is meant, according to a well-known Scripture idiom, Christ himself, so far as he is known or revealed. Again, Christ says, "Where two or three are gathered together *in my name*, there am I in the midst of them." Any assembly, however large or however small, met together in the name of Christ, may expect to enjoy all the blessings of Christian fellowship; and truly this fellowship is with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ.

When our Lord once asked his disciples, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" and, having heard their replies, asked again, "But what say ye that I am?" and Peter, answering for the others as well as for himself, said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," — Jesus answered and said, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." Without denying the historical agency which Peter had in the formation of the Church, especially on the day of Pentecost, and which was doubtless foretold in these words, yet it was by preaching Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ, the exalted and glorified Son of God and Redeemer of the world,

that that result was effected. His preaching then was the same as his confession now. The words of Christ on this occasion, taken in their connection, may be interpreted thus : " Since thou hast thus declared thy faith in me as the Christ, the Son of the one only living and true God, I say unto thee, thou art a man of rock, and on this rock,\* which is the foundation for all believers as well as for thee, I will build my Church, and no power of the adversary shall ever prevail against it. Whoever believes in me as the Christ, the only begotten Son of the living God, he belongs to my Church, and is a Christian ; he becomes a Christian by this faith. Without it, he can make no claim to be a member of my Church. Whoever takes me merely for a distinguished and blameless teacher, yea, as an inspired prophet, like John the Baptist, or Elias, or Jeremias, as you say many now do, is not yet a member of my Church. In order to be this, and to belong to me, he must be upon the rock on which thou standest ; and this rock is the faith that I am more than a prophet, that I am he of whom all the prophets have testified, that I am Christ, the fulfiller of the law and the prophets, that I am of a higher than mortal origin, that I am the only begotten Son of the one only living and true God." †

Throughout the book of Acts, faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, appears as the uniform qualification for baptism, and consequent reception into the Church. The same principle is affirmed by Paul, when, speaking of the Church as a building of God, he adds, " Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

That the name of Christ, or faith in his name, is the basis of all Christian fellowship, will be readily acknowledged by all who regard themselves Christians ; but there are great differences of view respecting the meaning and power of

\* Commentators have seldom noticed in this passage the use of two different words, *πέτρος* and *πέτρα*.

† This paraphrase is essentially the same as that given by Hasse in his "Life of the Glorified Redeemer," Leipzig, 1854.

this name. There are differences of view respecting the nature of the person of Christ, and the nature of the relation which the Church, or individual believers, sustain to him as their Saviour and Lord. It is necessary, therefore, to explain a little,— to show in what sense Christ is the foundation of the Church, or what it is to believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God; though we are aware that in so doing we incur the danger of setting up some human standard in place of the sure word of God. Endeavoring, however, to keep on the ground of what is clearly revealed, we would lay down the following.

1. To believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, is to acknowledge him as the primary source of all authority in matters of religious faith and practice. Call no man master, for one is your Master, even Christ. Heavenly wisdom flowed from his lips, so that they who heard him speak said, "Never man spake like this man"; and in the record of his words we have an exhaustless, ever-flowing well-spring of divine, eternal truth. In his words there is a fulness of truth yet to be unfolded,— principles of wisdom applicable to all coming time. Both as a teacher of religious truth and a perfect example of a holy life, Christ stands alone in all history, in unrivalled and unsurpassable supremacy. He is the Light of the world, the King of truth. His words are the ultimate standard of appeal, and by his words all human opinions and all human practices are to be tried and judged. Other teachers have given some rays of truth to the world, but they have received them from that central sun. Only he could say of himself, "I am the Truth," because in him alone are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Only in Christ can the many questionings of the human heart with regard to life and immortality find a satisfactory answer. He is the key to all mysteries, and in him all contradictions are reconciled.\*

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\* "En Jésus-Christ toutes les contradictions sont accordées." — Pascal.

"Christ," says Neander,\* "would not have been the Son of God as well as the Son of Man, had not his words, like his works, with all their adaptation to the time then present, borne concealed within them the germs of an endless development reserved for the future. In its process of development, humanity can never exhaust his fulness. This it is which distinguishes Christ as teacher from all other teachers of men. Advance as far as they may, they can never reach him; and their only task need be, to live and think more and more in him, that they may the better learn how to bring forth the treasures of grace and of truth that are concealed in him." Progress in Christian truth and in Christian righteousness can be nothing else than a more correct understanding and a more complete appropriation of what is given us in Christ. And no man, professing to be a minister of religion, deserves the name or title or reverence of a minister of the Gospel, who does not give to Jesus of Nazareth this high and supreme position in the domain of truth,—who does not make the truth as it is in Jesus the sole basis of his authority as a teacher of his fellow-men.

2. To believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, is to trust in him as a Redeemer from sin. Christ is our *Saviour*, not so much by what he taught as by what he wrought. He purchased the Church of God with his own blood. For this cause is he the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death, for deliverance from sin, they which are called might receive the promise of an eternal inheritance. Christ is the true Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep, that he might gather together in one the children of God that are scattered abroad.

Here it is possible to theorize on the method of redemption, but faith does not require to know *how* it is that Christ saves us by his sacrifice for us. Faith sees in the sacrifice on the cross a measure of Divine love that passeth knowl-

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\* Life of Jesus, p. 163, 4th German edition.

edge; but the unfathomable depth of the love of God in Christ does not hinder the believing soul from trusting in it, and humbly and submissively yielding itself to the care of one who promises to save, and is mighty to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him. The faith required is something more than an act of the intellect; it is rather an act of the heart, an act of moral trust, by which the soul lets go of self to be saved in Christ. Instead of vainly striving to raise itself to the skies by its own helpless efforts, it drops itself into the arms of an atoning Redeemer, and, in so doing, "receives a righteousness that makes the sinner just," receives a power of love and obedience unknown before. The soul conscious of sin and desirous of holiness, needs some outward surety to rest upon as the ground of its salvation. That surety is given in the sacrifice of Christ. The believing soul accepts this Divine pledge of pardon and salvation, and in so doing yields itself entirely to the will and spirit of God, becomes born again, regenerate, a new creature. Humble before God because of sin, and at the same time through the self-sacrificing love of Christ rising to the blessedness of communion with God, its principle of action henceforth is, Not unto self, not unto self, as heretofore, but unto Him who died for me, and rose again. The thinking mind will indeed endeavor to express the substance of its faith in doctrinal form; and the endeavor will be highly useful to the Christian life, but cannot be regarded as essential to it. Faith in the sacrifice of Christ as a Divine propitiation for sin, will carry the soul to heaven none the less surely, even though it be unable to understand it all, or at all.

3. To believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, is to acknowledge him as the Sovereign of our affections, and to worship him as Lord of all. Christ could be to us the perfect Light of truth, and our Redeemer from sin, only so far as God was in him; and the Scripture tells us that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. The cen-

tral idea of Christianity, its one historical basis, its true distinguishing characteristic, its foundation-stone, its primal fount of life and power, is the union of God and man in the person of Jesus Christ; for on this union the authority of Jesus as the King of truth, and his power as the reconciling Redeemer, depend. The person of Christ is the living fountain of Christianity, and the power of his person for our reconciliation with God, and the sanctification of our hearts, depends upon the truth that God is in him.\* To believe in the name of Christ, therefore, is to believe in him, not only as our Great Teacher, not only as one who gave his life for our redemption, but as a perfect manifestation of God to the world of mankind. Our truest idea of God is when we think of the fulness of holiness, truth, and love that are embodied in our ascended and glorified Redeemer, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Christian faith consists in the reception of that pardoning, purifying, sanctifying love that now flows from Christ into the hearts of all who, with a sense of their need of redeeming grace, look upward to him. And any one becomes a Christian only by entering into communion with the ever-living Saviour, and with God in him, receiving from him pardoning and renewing grace, and receiving it more and more, the more steadfastly he abides in communion with the ever-living Lord of life.

These things being so, the ground of Christian fellowship is obvious and plain. The foundation stone of Christianity is the union of God and man in the person of Jesus Christ, and in the acknowledgment of this is the common basis of fellowship among all the disciples of Jesus. Any system of theology which denies this deserves not the name of Christian; and any company of men, professing to be a Church, and yet denying the Divinity of Christ, are not resting upon that foundation on which, as on a rock, the whole Church

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\* A brief outline of an argument for this statement is given in this Magazine, for July, 1857, in the article entitled, "The Essence of Christianity."

of Christ is built. Christ must be acknowledged as one in whom God hath visited the earth, as one in whom God continually dwells, or else we do not allow him those qualifications which are essential to his being the Light of truth, the Saviour of sinners, the King of his Church. The doctrine of the person of Christ as one in whom is manifested the complete and perfect union of God and man, is the central citadel of the Christian system ; if this be overthrown, Christian theology and the Christian Church would soon totter and fall, and crumble to dust.

On this common basis of loyal attachment to Christ as the Light of truth, the Saviour of sinners, and Lord of all, there is much room, however, for diversity of form in the Christian life. For example, there is room for much diversity in the form of church organization, from the democracy of Congregationalism to the absolute monarchy of the Papacy. There is room for diversity in modes of public worship, according to different preferences and tastes. There is room for much diversity of opinion respecting many points of Christian doctrine ; such as native depravity, election, and free will, perseverance, or falling from grace. Yea, there is room for diversity of opinion respecting the one fundamental truth of all, that is, respecting the manner in which God was in Christ, for this one central truth of GOD IN CHRIST is so great in its length, and breadth, and depth, and height, that finite minds may well differ in their partial views of it, simply because they cannot take in the whole of it. In the minds of the first disciples there was evidently a progress in their apprehensions of this doctrine. Their ideas of the relation subsisting between God and Christ gradually expanded from a lower to a higher character, until they clearly saw the Father in the Son. And this should teach us a lesson of charity to those who as yet may be able to receive only a lower type of the truth that God is in Christ ; for we may be assured that, the more they contemplate this truth, the more will it expand before them, the more will the

Divine power and glory of Christ shine upon them, until they clearly see that in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Still, not any kind of view of the person of Christ can be regarded as a sufficient basis for Christian fellowship, but only such a view as qualifies him to be and to do what he claims to be and to do; for in the peculiar nature of his person, as uniting in himself God and man, lies the very import of Christianity, its creative principle.

Would that all who love the Lord Jesus would unite in the more steadfast contemplation of the glory of their common Lord! The brightness of that glory would melt away all disposition to trouble those who differ from them on other and minor points, and in Him and the adoration of Him all differences be reconciled and forgotten.

E. R.

## J U N E .

DEAR Friend! to thee, whose long-prized worth  
Grows with each passing day more bright,—  
Now, while the loving arms of Night  
Are folded round the sleeping Earth,  
(Night of the day that gave thee birth,)  
My thought returns with calm delight.

When woods were green and gay with song,  
And roses hung in drooping bloom,  
And breezes faint with rich perfume  
O'er blossomed clover stole along,  
Through all the day so bright and long,  
And through the shortened hours of gloom;—

In such fair season wert thou born,—  
And something of the season's grace  
Grew early in thy thoughtful face,

And deep into thy spirit worn ;  
Its tranquil eye, its glowing morn,  
Its still serenity of days.

And from thy life an influence flows,  
Apart from look and deed and word,—  
The unmarked singing of a bird,—  
The ear heeds not each dulcet close,  
Yet, bringing peace where'er it goes,  
It glides into the soul unheard.

F. B. S.

## LIGHT IN THE SEPULCHRE.

## AN EASTER SERMON.

BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D. D.

MATTHEW xxviii. 5, 6:—"And the angel said unto the women, Fear not ye. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

In the view of those who reject all that is miraculous in the Gospel, the history of Jesus terminates with his death. The last fact which connects him with man's knowledge is his burial. The authentic narrative leaves him in the rocky sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea. And it closes with a melancholy scene. The trembling disciples are standing disconsolate before the sealed portal of the tomb, and the two Marys sit over against it, bowed to the earth in tears.

Fit emblem of that dreary Gospel from which the Divine Redeemer has been taken away! It leaves us Good Friday; but it allows us no Easter. The gloomy day of the crucifixion is a reality; but for the bright festival of the resurrection there is no foundation.

Exulting Christendom renews to-day its jubilant protest against such unbelief. It reasserts, with acclamation, its

faith in the resurrection of Jesus. A thrill of joyous emotion runs through the ranks of the Christian host all round the world. Starting in the hearts of those who, in the remotest Orient, hailed the first beams of the Easter sun, it has passed from city to city, from village to village, from island to island, from ship to ship, from continent to continent;—and while I speak, it is still passing on through the distant regions of the West, as they emerge in turn to the dawn, freshly quivering, every moment, in another and still another Christian breast.

It is a pleasant thought, that at every degree, perhaps at every second of longitude, somewhere in the line of the exquisite curve of light described on the earth's surface by the rising sun, and which, reaching from pole to pole, is ever advancing over the world, at least one Christian stands to hail the breaking of the Easter morn, and keep unbroken all round the globe the circling joy.

Who would not link his heart to this electric chain of glad and grateful sympathy! Yes, Christian brethren! we will share your exultation; we will transmit the joy. Yes, dear Redeemer! while other temples repeat thy name with thankful love, a strain of praise shall go up from this, and a grateful glow on our faces and in our hearts reflect the brightness of thy rising, and add another ray to the glory of thy triumph.

But why, on this day of gladness, do I conduct you to the Saviour's tomb? Why do I call you to look down into his sepulchre? Would it not be more in harmony with the occasion to point your thoughts upward to the glory to which he has ascended,—to contemplate his royal state at the right hand of the Majesty on high,—to describe in glowing words the sublime results of his victory?

It would be so, indeed, if the sepulchre in which the Lord lay were, at the point of time to which the text refers, a scene of gloom, a dark and dreary spectacle, a tomb like other tombs. It would be so, if the contemplation, nay, the

scrutiny, of it could call up any of those depressing associations which ordinarily cluster about the grave,—and not rather dispel them.

It was the invitation of an *angel*, you remember, to "Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, 'Come, see the place where the Lord lay.'" He gave it to reassure their faith, to allay their fears. He knew that what they would behold there would comfort, and not agitate, their minds; would enliven, not oppress, their hearts; would leave delightful, not painful impressions. Such, in part at least, was the effect upon them,—as far as was consistent with their natural amazement and surprise,—and such, I am confident, will be the effect upon us also, when we have attentively considered what they saw there, and how the place appeared to them where the Lord lay.

The description of its appearance in the sacred narrative is indeed extremely brief and simple. It is only this: "*The napkin that was about his head lay not with the linen clothes, but folded together in a place by itself.*" This is all. But this is enough. It may seem to some who hear me a trivial circumstance. As many times as they have read the story of the resurrection, it may never once have arrested their attention; so incidentally does it appear to them to be alluded to by only two of the Evangelists. But, my friends, if you carefully examine and reflect upon the words and manner in which St. John has mentioned the fact, you will be persuaded that he, at least, attached to it the highest importance. Consider it with me, I pray you; although, by reason of the feebleness of my imagination, and the poverty of my language, I can only hope to suggest, not describe, its value,—to point at its applications, not illustrate them.

*The napkin lay folded together in a place by itself.* What a refutation might be found here, if any were needed, of the charge currently circulated amongst the Jews that the body had been stolen away! Engaged in such a difficult and perilous work, the armed sentinels guarding the place, the

heavy body to be borne away, who could for a moment believe that, in the midst of their haste and agitation, the disciples would have paused to bestow such care upon the garments of the dead? The neat folding of the napkin in a place by itself is *evidence of a tranquil mind and a composed movement.* It was no act of midnight plunderers. It was no work of tremulous hands and anxious hearts; such, surely, would have left behind them some traces of the confusion, the hurry, the intense excitement and apprehension with which the deed was done.

But let all such topics pass; for I have not chosen the text to find arguments against disbelief, but to draw from it suggestions consolatory and elevating to Christian hearts.

The folded napkin is a beautiful and impressive symbol of the quietness and gentleness with which the mysterious and mighty power of God wrought in the tomb of Jesus when it raised him from the dead. How calmly the Saviour awoke! With what tranquillity he arose! No convulsion attended his revival. No throes shook the sepulchre. No portentous commotion accompanied or signalized the moment of the mysterious change. The eye of man may not, indeed, penetrate the holy secrecy of that sepulchre. But what they who first looked into it after the Lord had left it saw, we are permitted — nay, it is our duty — reverently to contemplate; and *that* reveals clearly enough the deep composure of his own soul, the perfect quietness of his movement, and the gentle “operation of the exceeding power of God.” *They saw the linen clothes neatly laid together, and the napkin carefully folded in a place by itself.* How chaste, how decent, how orderly all things were left “in the place where he lay”!

It was this appearance which impressed and convinced Peter and John when they looked into the sepulchre. It was not merely that the place was vacant where the body had been laid; but that the very condition in which it was left reminded them instantly and powerfully of Jesus. John

himself tells us, that, when he first reached the sepulchre, he hesitated to enter. He was amazed, dubious, terrified. He knew not what spectacle he should see within, what portents, what vestiges of the action of supernatural power. But when Peter had come up, and both had gone in, and when he had seen how the linen clothes lay and the folded napkin, "then," the Beloved Disciple informs us, "then he believed." It was such an evidence as would be more convincing than almost any other to such a mind as John's. I can even conceive that the angel himself had also been previously impressed with a reverent admiration of the silent eloquence of these tokens, just as the Saviour had left them, and that it was under the influence of this impression that he said to the women, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Everything was in keeping with the character of Jesus. All was in perfect harmony with his spirit. He had left an indubitable impress of himself even upon his sepulchre.

I am aware that the view I have taken of the quiet and gentle process of the resurrection of Christ may conflict with the idea which most persons have formed of the scenery and circumstances of that sublime event. If they are prepared to admit that what took place *within* the sepulchre was as has been described, it may seem to them to be in contrast, and not in harmony, with the occurrences without. They associate the event with a great earthquake, the lightning-like descent of an angel, the sudden and convulsive rolling away of the stone and rending of the door of the tomb.

But for such associations the narratives of the several Evangelists afford, I believe, no foundation. St. John alludes to no convulsion. He merely says that Mary Magdalene, when she came unto the sepulchre, saw that the stone was rolled away. St. Luke says nothing of any convulsion. His account is, that, when the women reached the sepulchre, they found the stone rolled away. St. Mark mentions no convulsion. He relates that the women as they

walked towards the sepulchre said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door? — for it was very great, — and that, when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away. Matthew, it is true, and Matthew only, speaks of an earthquake, and of an angel with a countenance like lightning and his raiment white as snow. But upon a careful examination of his description and comparison of it with those of the other Evangelists, we do not find authority for the opinion that there was any great and sudden convulsion of nature at the moment of the resurrection. The word which in our English version of the Bible is rendered "an earthquake," in the original signifies "shaking." It was not limited in its application to the earth, but could be used also with reference to the body or the mind of man. It is not, I believe, an unreasonable or unwarranted supposition, that in the present instance it should be regarded as having relation rather to the confusion created among the guards by the appearance of the angel, than to any elemental commotion. Such an interpretation is sustained by several learned commentators, of undisputed orthodoxy.

It should be borne in mind, that the incidents of which we are speaking took place before the arrival of the women at the sepulchre, and probably rest on the testimony of the guards themselves, the only known eyewitnesses of them. Well might their superstitious minds have been agitated and filled with dread. Well might the "keepers shake and become as dead men," although a bright angel descended noiselessly, and silently and calmly rolled back the stone. Moreover, it is worth considering, as an incidental corroboration of the view we have taken, that no allusion is anywhere made to the circumstance that any of the disciples had noticed any remarkable phenomenon, like an earthquake, as having taken place before they came to the garden. Such a commotion could not have occurred during the course of that eventful night, without attracting their

attention ; without producing upon their wakeful and anxious minds a powerful impression ; without associating itself in some manner with the sepulchre in which their Lord was lying,—their hearts buried with him ; or without preparing the women to go out in the early morning to his tomb in a different state of mind from that which is represented in the narrative.

Besides, the description itself which Matthew gives of the mien and attitude of the angel contradicts the impression that there was anything essentially terrific in his appearance or shocking in his acts. “He rolled back the stone,” it is said, “from the door, and sat upon it.” *Sat* upon it,—it was an attitude of composure. And when he addressed the women, what was there in his aspect or his tone to terrify? What sign of a messenger who had come down to shake the earth, to burst the bars of the tomb as by a flashing thunderbolt, and crush the human soul with dread? In the early morning his long white garment shines with a soft radiance to their view; and hark! how gently he accosts them: “Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus; come, see the place where the Lord lay.” ‘No vestiges of violence are here. There is nothing to alarm you in his sepulchre. Come near and look. The place where he lay is vacant; but behold how quiet it is. See how peacefully he rose. See how undisturbed he has left it. He has left his tomb, as he left all he touched, every place he visited, with a hallowing impression of his divine character lingering about it; with an influence purifying, consolatory, and elevating to the heart of man. He has redeemed and transfigured the grave by associating it with his own holy sleep and gentle waking. He has left even in the tomb the mingled fragrance of his peace and love. He has consecrated its secrecy and its mystery. He has left a blessing upon it and within it for his disciples’ sake.’

Come then, Christian believer, even on this day of jubilee, “come and see the place where the Lord lay.” It will not

darken the light; it will not damp the joy; it will not disturb the triumph. Nay, rather will the contemplation of it clear and heighten our gladness, by relieving of its gloom the only dark image that intercepts our vision of immortality,—by beautifying the only repulsive object that casts a sombre shadow upon our anticipations of celestial joy.

It is the sepulchre that comes between our hearts and our immortality. It is that lonely and mysterious avenue which checks our longings for the eternal home. It is that low, dark anteroom, lying in the way, which chills the ardor of our affections when sometimes they would leap to embrace their Lord. Lighten for us that interposing obscurity, and all is light. Beautify that funereal image, and all is beautiful. Believe that object of its gloom, and all the prospect is inviting and glorious.

Christian believer, thy Saviour himself *has* lightened and beautified it for thee. He who has shed light upon life; he who by sharing our earthly sorrows has softened and hallowed them; he who by carrying our human burdens has eased and cheered us under the load; he who by bearing the cross has illustrated and endeared self-denial; he who, having overcome the sharpness of death, has opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers; he whose glorified human personality, shining and smiling above us, gives form and distinctness to our visions of the life to come, and, as a central image in the heavenly group, assures of the reality of that encompassing circle of *his* friends and *our* friends, whom we cannot see;—he himself, who has spread light upon the present life, and unveiled to us the social glory of the future world, has also, in his infinite tenderness, lightened and beautified and consecrated for us even the intervening grave, even the dark anteroom, even the low, vaulted avenue.

Associate it with thy Saviour, and its gloom is gone. Think of him in that dark room, and it is dark no more. Remember that the sepulchre has enclosed him, and the im-

pression of its loneliness and loathesomeness is removed. "See the place where the Lord lay." It is vacant now, but he occupied it once, that *thou* mightest not go where *he* had not gone before to smooth the way and hold the light. It is vacant; but he has waked first to watch thy sleep. It is vacant; but he has risen to prove his power to raise thee. It is vacant; but that very vacancy is a pledge that thy place at length shall be vacant also. It is vacant; but it is because he hath gone to hold open for thee the gate of heaven.

Never, then, let us contemplate the grave without the remembrance of Him who lay there for us, that we might not lie down there, nor lay away our beloved there, without him. Never let us contemplate the tomb without remembering how calmly and peacefully *he* rested and awoke within it, who folded the napkin and laid it apart by itself. Never let us contemplate the sepulchre without remembering how gently and silently the quickening power of God operated in the raising of his Beloved.

\* I cannot tell how it may impress others, but as for myself, the folded napkin in the Lord's tomb is so peculiarly and beautifully associated with himself, that, if my mind were disturbed by doubts in regard to the reality of his resurrection, it alone would greatly relieve, if not altogether remove them. It is precisely such a circumstance as imposture never would have invented. It is not striking nor apparently important enough to have been fabricated; and yet it is really more weighty and significant than an inventor could have imagined. We can only account for St. John's having described the appearance and position of the garments, as he has described them, on the ground that he actually saw them exactly as he has narrated. We can only account for his having considered this circumstance of sufficient importance to describe at all, on the ground of his having been powerfully affected by what actually met his eyes at that most interesting moment and on that most im-

pressive spot,— which could not have failed to stamp itself indelibly on his memory.

The more our thoughts dwell upon the image of the folded napkin, the more it grows upon our regard. Like everything really true, the simple picture which St. John has given of the aspect of the place where the Lord lay, seems more and more truthful as we examine it. It reveals to us its value and its significance as we study it more closely. And having meditated it with profound attention, it discloses to us connections, delicate and subtle it may be, but not the less intimate and real, with the spirit and character of Jesus,— such moral coincidences as furnish to some minds, at least, evidence, of the very highest nature, of the reality of the scene in the sepulchre. There is that same hallowed and simple beauty about the folded napkin which attaches to all the acts of Jesus, and which cannot fail to make itself manifest to every eye capable of discerning and appreciating such beauty. There is a depth and richness of sacred meaning symbolized by this unpretending circumstance, which will suggest and unfold itself to a devout and contemplative mind. And besides all this, and above all, it partakes in no slight measure of that peculiar *moral impressiveness*, that powerful and penetrating, though indefinable, spiritual influence, which, as a natural element of his divine virtue, is inherent in all the actions as well as sayings of the Son of God. Who can contemplate it without being sensible of this moral effect upon his own conscience, this holy power touching and trying his own heart? Who can contemplate it and help bringing it home to himself, as a searching question, as a sacred admonition, as a precious consolation, or as a beautiful pattern?— saying within his soul, ‘*He folded the napkin by itself in his sepulchre; yea, in that important and sublime crisis, he knew no perturbation; he possessed his soul in perfect peace; he neglected not even so little an act of purity; he would leave nothing in disorder. How calm, how chaste, how well ordered, how holy,*

were the feeling and the act of Jesus! What a lesson for me to learn! What an example for me to study! What a rebuke to my negligence! O, let me imbibe the spirit of his peace! O, let me cultivate such delicacy of taste, such purity of sentiment! O, let me acquire such decency, such order, and such beauty, such tranquillity of soul, such true dignity of mind!"

Did the blessed Saviour so leave his very tomb as profoundly to impress his disciples, the moment they looked into it, with its perfect order and quiet; and shall we leave confusion and disturbance in the places that now know us, in the scenes through which we are journeying to heaven, in the homes where, especially, our memory is to live and our influence to be perpetuated when we are gone? Did the good Master leave us such an example of delicate carefulness in even the smallest actions, and shall we allow ourselves to be rude, hasty, and negligent in the performance of any duty? Did the Saviour pause, and quietly fold the napkin, ere he issued from his sepulchre, and shall we be willing to go down into ours with the heart in unrest, with any work in disorder, with any duty undone?

Remember, Christian believer, how thy Lord left the place where he lay. Carry in your mind, carry in your heart, the symbol which I have too poorly interpreted and commended,—that it may interpret and commend itself, and become to you another dear token of your Redeemer, another hallowed remembrancer of purity, tranquillity, and reliance. Learn to finish every work. Learn to pass through every scene with a well-ordered movement. Learn to meet every crisis with an undisturbed soul. Learn to leave a pure influence in every place. Learn so to live that the last hour, whenever it comes, shall find you in peace,—with every duty done, every account balanced, every injury forgiven, every sin repented of and forsaken,—thy mantle folded neatly by thy side, and thy hands folded peacefully upon thy breast.

## SINCERITY.

"Sincerity 's my chief delight,  
The darling pleasure of my mind ;  
O that I could to her invite  
All the whole race of human kind !  
Take her, mortals, she 's worth more  
Than all your glory, all your fame,  
Than all your glittering, boasted store,  
Than all the things that you can name.  
She 'll with her bring a joy divine,  
All that 's good, and all that 's fine."

LADY CHUDLEIGH.

"DOING right argues *taste* as well as goodness." I treasured up that remark as the announcement of a great discovery; though I knew well enough that the truth thus announced was as old as the creation, and that a regard for good taste has always had more or less influence on all human action. My friend professed to quote them from some one, but I have not been able to find out who is the author. Shenstone has something like it, however: "Taste and good-nature are universally connected." I thank the old poet for having stamped this truth with the authority of his name. True it is that, "take which you will of the two," you will take the other with it. Every one who sends forth a like sentiment does something, and perhaps more than he imagines, for the world's good; and every one who repeats the saying in conversation, or quotes it on the printed page, also sets in motion a noble influence, which may never cease to be felt.

Every man worth the name has some regard for good taste. The reflection that a certain course of conduct is in bad taste, or will be regarded so by the world, will often keep a man from it, who would never entertain a thought about its abstract right. Whence comes this very potent influence which we term taste? Although it is to some extent an intuitive perception of what is beautiful, and harmonious, it is also very much a matter of judgment, and of

public opinion. Or else there are two kinds of taste; one a faculty of the mind, and the other a set of rules made to be used instead of this faculty. Properly there is but one criterion of matters of taste, and that is the intuitive perception of the refined and educated mind. If popular rules conform with this, they are well enough. But often there is a conflict of authority. On the one side is public opinion, always a powerful party; and on the other is the individual's instinctive feeling, sometimes not a very powerful party; for the mind's own power has usually been quite without exercise, this being saved by the ready-made rules always at hand. And so the public caprice is with most persons the standard.

Now, that sincerity is in good taste seems to be the spontaneous feeling of every mind. But as the world goes, sincerity is frowned upon and held in contempt. What would society say of the man who should habitually speak his real thoughts, and act out himself? Surely he would be called a fool. To be natural is not spicy enough to interest most people. To speak and act naturally has not the stage effect, which it seems to be a very odd infirmity of the present age to admire in common life. Goldsmith very prettily says, that "natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking." The author was writing of stage-actors; but since "all the world's a stage," the quotation is quite applicable. The actors on this great stage, too, think that the way to please is to "cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, and slap the pockets." Men and women must have the vinegar all the time, they like the sharpness of it so well as it goes down. And so they are "high in their parts." They will have nothing of a common, natural sort. Having put on masks, they go about solemnly acting a farce in every-day life. It matters not that each one can see through his neighbor's disguises: he is

bound by the rules of dramatic propriety not to laugh while he is acting. But unfortunately there is no disposition to laugh in most of these actors, for they have come to regard this universal dissimulation as the natural state of man, or at least the proper one. Owing to their constant study of the art, some of these performers have attained a wonderful proficiency in it. Like true artists, they regard little things as well as striking attitudes. The same training that is shown in the successful part of a bank-defaulter is apparent as well in the frivolous scenes of the drama, where they act their salutations to acquaintances and speak their commonplaces about the weather. We talk about what we do not understand, and express more than we feel, or less than we feel, or what we do not feel at all, because others do so, and sincerity is thought to be so insipid. We live beyond our means, and make a great show of ourselves and the things that belong to us,—things that have not been paid for, sometimes,—for the sake of the *éclat* we get for it.

Some persons may think that they are acting in good taste when they follow an insincere way of life, because it is the prevalent mode of the time. But I know that their own hearts, if they ever have a chance to speak, tell them that insincerity in any form is not in good taste. We sometimes go to the woods, or to the mountains, where nature recalls us to ourselves and makes us sane. There is no one here whom we feel it our duty to cheat. We never could cheat ourselves by any of our practices. We now feel how wanting in true refinement has been all our foolery in the attempt to cheat others. These hours when we are truly ourselves "bring a joy divine." The grand sincerity of nature inspires us with the resolve to go back to the village or the town, and live a nobler kind of life with purer hearts and sweeter manners.

I have spoken of the grand sincerity of the woods and mountains. Is not sincerity a thing sublime everywhere? An author who always speaks noble thoughts has recently

said, "I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character." Every one must feel in his heart that he is ready to say the same. A simple truthfulness of character is really sublime. It does not commonly attract the notice of the multitude, and is seldom sung by poets. It is not brilliant, showy. It is without noise. It is quiet in its bearing, and simple always. Its strength and worth are not recognized in the common course of things.

Dissimulation is elected to office and taken into favor. But when times of trial come, the gilded rottenness shows its weakness, and sober honesty stands out alone in its strength.

"An honest soul is like a ship at sea,  
That sleeps at anchor upon the occasion's calm ;  
But when it rages, and the wind blows high,  
She cuts her way with skill and majesty."

Were it my object to set forth the advantages of honesty and sincerity, I might quote the saying of Poor Richard, which has passed from mouth to mouth till it has all the force of a demonstration; or I might attempt to show how hard some men work that they may be thought men of plain-dealing, when they are not; how they shift and plot and cringe to gain the appearance of honesty, when a little real honesty would have saved them all their great trouble. Honesty or sincerity has a practical value, and is a recommendation that it is sometimes thought desirable to possess. What we sometimes take for this turns out to be a subtle counterfeit, put on to win our confidence. But it is a quality not easily counterfeited; and it is not usually difficult to distinguish between that sincerity which has grown up with the man, and is a part of him, and that appearance of it which has been assumed for the occasion.

But these reflections are common. The beauty and grace which a constant truthfulness gives to its owner's character and life are something that is less often thought of. I like

the term truthfulness. It comprehends all these first virtues, honesty, veracity, and sincerity. There is a truthfulness of dress and equipage ; of voice and look ; of conversation and manner. It is this truthfulness of the whole man that is so lovely. It gives a classical elegance to the character. There is a symmetry of outward life that tells of a symmetry within. In the classical poem, the harmony and numbers of the verse are only the outward forms of the harmony and numbers of the thought. So the outward consistency of a truthful character is but the imperfect expression of the harmony and numbers of the truthful heart. The truthful man may be plain and simple in his ways; but his humble virtues have more charms than all adventitious ornaments.

Sincerity is supposed by some to be accompanied always by such disagreeable traits as bluntness, stupidity, and credulity. I do not think that either of these traits necessarily attaches to truthfulness, or that they commonly do. Far from being blunt and saying disagreeable things at improper times, the sincere man commonly shows the highest regard for true manly refinement and propriety. Neither is the truthfulness of which I speak stolid or prosaic. Rather it is wise, and sportive, and full of poetry. Because some fools are honest, it does not follow that their honesty made them so. I fear there are more knavish fools, however, than honest ones.

Sir Philip Sidney has said, "The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity." There is doubtless a disposition in every man to believe others to be like himself. Dishonest men are credulous about dishonesty. For my own part, I cannot believe that credulity is more commonly a fault of the honest than of the dishonest heart; I am sure that credulity is not the only disadvantage of the latter. The credulity of the one and of the other differ more in kind than in degree. Better to believe habitually that men are better than they are, than to believe them worse. It is much nobler; it is much more comfortable.

If men would appear to the world something nearer what they really are, they would become something nearer what

they ought to be. Before a man can be really truthful, he must really respect himself; and he can never cheat himself into the belief that anything is respectable that is not good.

“Good  
Only is great and generous and fruitful.”

He who speaks what he thinks will be more apt to think good thoughts. There must be a real purity in him who would dare make his “breast transparent as pure crystal.”

Strange it is that we ever let that chimera, “the world,” or “society,” — the same chimera still, — frighten us out of our sincerity and taste and goodness, — all of us that is worth anything. Why quail so when society pronounces those terrible words, “odd,” “homely,” “unfashionable,” when we know that we are acting in true refinement, and have honest hearts? There is good sense and good taste in the most costly luxuries and most exaggerated forms of society. But the fitness and beauty of these only exist for those who can properly afford them. How apt all are to go beyond the bounds of fitness! We hate the very name of *quack*. It grates harshly on our sense of what is pure and chaste. But there are quacks who are not pretenders to medical knowledge, or venders of nostrums. Shall we apply this odious name to those who dress extravagantly, and furnish great houses beyond their means? That nothing, “the world,” cries out “Genteel!” “Proper!” and so its minions are lured on to violate their own true feelings of what really is genteel and proper. Why not live naturally, speak straightforwardly, and let the world know how much our income is? “They will smile, they will laugh, will they? Much good may it do them.” If we are true to our own good taste in these matters, we shall likely be true to ourselves, to our neighbors, and to Christianity. Those were kind words of old Marlowe’s, — “Goodness is beauty in its best estate.” Yes, we will remember that goodness and the highest beauty always go together; and taste shall minister to us in all things.

L. A. J.

## BEREAVEMENT, ITS GRIEFS AND CONSOLATIONS.

How many different aspects does this human life assume, and how full of interest and beauty! Each period, when allowed to fill its proper place, as a sequence to a former rightly used, has a grace and beauty of its own. The leafy boughs of autumn wave beneath their golden burden, with scarcely less of beauty than when they attracted every eye by the rosy hues of spring. There is beauty in the buoyant joy of youth, as it sparkles and dances over the surface of things. There is grand and solemn beauty in the ocean-waves of feeling, that dash on the rocky shore of maturer life. It is not of necessity a dreary coast. It can be so, indeed, only by our own unfaithfulness. The affections, it is true, are often overlaid by the cares of a busy life; but in many instances they are intensified as old age comes on. Often when they have remained undeveloped, or been buried under the incrustation of philosophy or a severe theology, they have sprung up as the intellect has lost its force, and on a near approach to the close of the mortal life assumed a prominence they never had before. Much of the freshness and something even of the romance of youth may and should be carried into riper years, and into declining age. Yet are the characteristics of the different periods distinct. By degrees the ideal gives place to the intensely real; while yet the real becomes more and more closely united with the spiritual. By nothing else, perhaps, is this union so cemented, as by the experience which, sooner or later, comes to all who live long on earth, the passage of our loved ones through the veil. One by one they fall away, the bright links to our mortal vision dropped here, but bound in the chain above, and drawing our hearts upward with irresistible power. The voice of God speaks to us, calling us to give up our dearest treasures. It seems to us in our grief almost as if the wheels of nature must come to a pause;

but they still move on, and we return to our accustomed place. To the world, perhaps even to near friends, we appear the same; but in the deep consciousness of our own hearts we know that we are changed. So far as many of the sweetest joys of other days are concerned, we

“Know, where'er we go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.”

Yet, paradoxical as it may appear, though there must be many bitter pangs of *loneliness for us*, *solitude* is annihilated for ever. The soul has its mountain-height of sweet communion, not only with the Father of spirits, but with the loved of earth, now saints in heaven. To this it may resort in every lonely hour; and often amid the cares of life, amid its gayer scenes also, may the soul sit apart in converse with the unseen, saying in its hidden depth to the unconscious ones around, “I have meat to eat that ye know not of.”

From time to time the beloved pass from our sight, each newly consecrating some spot in our dwelling; and thus year by year we come more and more to walk reverently in our own home, as if in some temple, feeling that it “is none other than the house of God,” and the very “gate of heaven”; and so the merest trifle, almost every object on which our eyes rest indeed, becomes sanctified by association with those now translated, and we touch with tender reverence the hem of their garments.

And are they gone from our side? I think not. We may still feel that they share every innocent joy, and pity and sympathize with our every sorrow, though in some ineffable way without the diminution of their own bliss. It may be, perhaps, through their being permitted to see the end of these griefs; or through a vision of the unerring wisdom and unbounded love of the Father, so clear as to leave no room for distrust or regret, whatever mysteries may involve his dealings now. I do not ask, nor do I wish, a message through the intervention of another, though I surely would not reject it should it be offered. I would receive it rever-

ently and gratefully, should it come with satisfactory proofs of its genuineness. I would not, if I had the power, disturb the faith of one believer in what is called Spiritualism. Rather would I rejoice in the joy which that faith seems to bring to those who receive it. But it is more in accordance with my own feelings to be the direct recipient, through the voice speaking in my heart. Neither do I wish nor ask for any outward token of the presence of the invisible ones. "The flesh is weak," and might be overwhelmed by any token cognizable by the senses. Yet in the still hours of night, when the world is shut out, and even the dear domestic band withdrawn, I may utter the loved, familiar names, whether with the audible voice or in the silent breathings of the spirit, and feel that I am heard,—that the fond arms are still twined around my neck, the sweet, accustomed kisses pressed upon my cheek,—till the shades of night and of my tears grow less dark, while

"Mine earthly love lies hushed in light  
Beneath the heaven of" theirs.

Does this remove the heart-sick longing for the sweet companionship of other days? Alas! no. This cannot be. Flesh and heart will still cry out for the joys of old,—the dear communion of past days, were it only for an hour. Yet it does greatly assuage it, and enable us more patiently to look through the long years that may pass before we are again permitted to see them face to face.

May it be said that these views would represent the spirits of the holy ones as still detained prisoners of earth and earthly cares, instead of being received up into glory? This might be an insuperable objection did we regard heaven as a *place*, fixed and remote in the universe. But this, I suppose, is not now the common view; at least, not with those who agree with us in general belief. Many of us, to say the least, believe that "heaven lies about us," not only "in our infancy," but through life; that could our eyes be opened, as were those of the one of old by the prayer of the

prophet, we should see the whole air around us filled with the glorified ones once familiar to our sight. And to me, there seems nothing more probable than that the disembodied spirit may be endowed with a power of motion rapid as that of thought. So that, though our friend might at one moment be engaged in some investigation or on some errand of love at the remotest verge of the universe, the next moment might restore him to our side, and thus by his quick transitions he might be, as it were, ever with us.

One danger, indeed, there may be in these views, to be guarded against with jealous care; for perhaps there is no good thing which may not be perverted, and the Christian must be armed at all points. Regarding ourselves as ever under the watchful eye of our loved ones now glorified,—an eye which, being wholly spiritual, is capable of discerning spirits,—our human affections may lead us to think more of their inspection than of that of the Heavenly Father, whose approval should be more to us than that of all worlds. While they were visibly with us, their approbation was very precious to us. It certainly can be no less so, now that our affection is rendered even more tender by the thought that we can see them no more on earth. We always needed to exercise watchfulness over ourselves, that we might not make their approbation too prominent as a motive of action. Our increased danger now seems to lie only in the sense of their more penetrating and continual inspection, keeping the desire for their approval more constantly active. In other respects we are safer than before. We feel that we can testify our love for them in no other way so well as by virtuous lives, and that their searching gaze can be satisfied with nothing less than the purest action springing from the holiest motive. While in the body, they are liable to be misled, either by error of judgment in themselves, or by false appearances in us; but now we are sure that there can be no antagonism between their judgment and that of the Omnipotent One. We are safe, then, in strengthening our desire for the high-

est attainments in holiness by the hope of their approval, so long as we constantly endeavor to keep the thought of them subordinate to that of our Best Friend. This, it would seem, may surely be done; and thus the loving, striving soul may bask at the same time in the Divine and in the human love, now become angelic.

M.

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#### WALKING IN THE SUN.

"I AM moving into a sunny house," said an old lady to a friend of ours, not long since. "Come and see me. I intend to commence and enjoy life anew this winter, *to keep in the sunshine*, for there is everything good in that, I believe. I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and it has kept me young. Remember to follow my example, if you wish to keep so too,"—and she tripped away, active, hopeful, and happy. That was her last call, and those were her last words to that friend; but they were worthy to be the last. Wise words of counsel! cordial words of kindness! bright words of hope and promise! She moved into the sunny house and rested there one night,—never, as she said, more quietly,—and awoke the next morning, to be removed to the everlasting mansion, where "there is no need of the sun, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it."

To an aged and childless widow, in feeble health, commencing housekeeping, with one domestic for her only attendant, and the dreary winter already at hand, one might suppose that fears would have been in the way, and the grasshopper have appeared a burden, and those who looked out of the windows been darkened. But it was not so. Her windows had always been sunny, and those who looked out of them had become sunny too. It was all bright to her; no fear of loneliness, no foreboding of care or illness.

She was "going to begin to enjoy life"! "And doubtless she has!" exclaimed a cheerful, congenial spirit, to whom the words were quoted. Her new and sunny earthly home was but the threshold to the eternal dwelling, and to that she went with firm and unfaltering feet; refusing, when suddenly taken ill, to have any neighbor disturbed at so early an hour, preferring rather to remain alone while the alarmed attendant ran for a physician, and even then, when death seemed to her very near, bidding her be warmly and comfortably clad.

Two short hours, (during which she begged, of the watching friends who had hastened to her, for a few moments of quiet thought by herself,) and the sunny home was left far behind, and she was beyond the sun; but those bright words will linger and sparkle in receptive hearts, who can tell how long?

We need them, all of us, more than we think. Fashion, economy, ill health, love of repose, all combine to tyrannize over us, and shut out from our homes their truest and most beneficent Friend. "Sit in the sun," said one of our old physicians to a patient; "it is the best prescription I can give."

The malaria in Rome is said to shun the dwellings on the sunny side of the street. Counting-houses and work-rooms dark with shade are fatal to those who occupy them for any length of time. Light and warmth from the open heaven,—we must have them, or we die! All our lives we know the fact, yet die from our own or others' neglect of it!

So it is with our intellects and hearts. We are assailed by new theories which clash with our own favorites, foreign opinions which disturb our habits of thought, strange sentiments which are abhorrent to us, and we close the blinds, let down the curtains, and rest satisfied with so quieting a remedy. Such and such views are, we think, plebeian, vulgar, or erroneous; should we admit light enough to test them, it would bring obnoxious insects with it, and all our

intellectual treasures, our mental carpeting and tapestry, would fade and tarnish in the glare. If our faculties go abroad, they walk prudently on the shady side; the dazzle of the public intellect would be injurious to them and uncomfortable to us.

In the heart's home we are more culpable still. It might be supposed that we were many of us formed for misery, so tenaciously do we cling to the shady corners of our lot, and so blind are we to the simple, healthful sunshine which steals in to warm and cheer us. We *talk* on the shady side of everything, of the times, of our experience, of our treatment from others, of character, of humanity and daily life. We discuss the faults of others as though they were *sun*, not shadow; we dwell upon slights and injuries we have received, hugging them close, as if they were life to us rather than death. We set traps for everything but sun-beams, and then bewail our miserable luck in catching everything else.

Worse than all, how we veil our spirits from their rightful inheritance of heavenly light and joy! We search out the shady spots in our neighbor's faith and practice; travel through the obscure places of their souls, stumbling of course upon dark mountains in the strange, unlawful journey. We walk through the valley of the shadow of death, fearing every evil, unconscious of the rod and staff which are beside us, blind to the green pastures and still waters which lie beyond. We speak of our dead with sadness of countenance, as *lost* and *gone*. Alas, when such a price was paid for our faith in the resurrection from the dead! When shall the Saviour's joy be full in us? When shall we worship the Lord with gladness, and enter always his presence with thanksgiving? When shall we *rejoice evermore*, and wear the unalloyed and sacred bliss like sun-glory upon our faces?

But, pen of mine, hast not thou too caught the infection, and written on with dark shadows close upon thy point,

while those bright words were thy motto ? Yes, but it only shows more fully the need of them. Forgive, thou spirit of the sunny home ! May they be luminous to us henceforth, sacred to thy memory, and suggestive of thy blest abode !

F.

## MEMORIAL.\*

As angels, on the resurrection morn,  
The garden-tomb before,  
Rolled the sealed stone aside at early dawn,  
That it might stay the Lord of Life no more,—

So waiting angels, on one blessed day,  
Watched out *her* failing breath ;  
They rolled the weight of fourscore years away,  
And she rose heavenward from the sleep of death.

Serene and beautiful that dreamless sleep,  
As if youth ripened there,  
But not unto decay ; and angels keep  
Ministering watches o'er the form so fair.

Through the long, changeful years, her hands have sown  
Along her quiet way  
The seeds of heavenly harvests, and her own  
Meek footsteps followed where her Master's lay.

She has passed on beloved unto the end,  
And finds a "rest in heaven" ;  
And Faith sees spirit guardians o'er her bend,  
And her lost loves to her embraces given.

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\* Mrs. Lucy T. Pierce, relict of the late Rev. John Pierce, D.D., died in Brookline, February 12th, 1858. Her last words were, "Rest in heaven." These lines are addressed to her daughter.

So in the Father's house they, gone before,  
 Wait for the parted band,  
 Who, lingering yet awhile, shall follow o'er  
 The silent river to the Better Land.

Long tried and true, the faithful mother-heart  
 Loveth her children still,  
 Not less their mother, though they dwell apart,  
 Waiting the bidding of the Master's will.

But there are hours of yearning, deep and strong,  
 For the loved voice and face,  
 And care and counsels; yet shalt thou ere long  
 Join thy beloved, where sorrow hath no place.

Walking with reverent steps the way she trod  
 With love which conquereth,  
 Thou shalt find father, mother, home,—and God,  
 Who crowns with life the faithful unto death.

H. W.

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#### "CANDIDATING" IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NEVER were a little band more devoted to the true interests which had called them together, than the ten who left their theological *Alma Mater* in 183-. None were distinguished for brilliant gifts, but all were earnest and true men, and had consecrated themselves with a heart-consecration to the glorious work of preaching the Gospel. The last day of their term had come, and they gathered together for mutual conference and prayer, that they might strengthen one another, and go forth girded with the whole armor of the Lord. It was with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy, regret and hope, that they grasped one another by the hand, uttered the fervent "God bless you!" and parted,—first, however, pledging each other to meet at the end of the first lustrum

from this day of parting, again to take sweet counsel, and to relate what these years had done for them.

The time came round, and, the evening before the "Visitation Day" of July, 184-, the members of the little band entered the shaded grounds of the Divinity School, with thoughtful brows and quiet walk, unlike the elastic step with which they had quitted the well-remembered spot five years before. Time and experience had written their characters upon each form and face, but serenity and peace won from conflict were stamped upon nearly all. They met again in that same upper room which had been their place of resort, consecrated as it was by prayer and holy thought. They were once more together, but not all,—at least not in bodily form. Three were not. One had been smitten before he had fairly entered on his profession; the hearts of a people were turning to him, and he had just pledged himself to cast his lines in their pleasant places, when he was snatched almost from their very pulpit. Another, whose gentle spirit all had loved, had made himself a home, had found a people to trust and honor him; his hopes were high, his expectations of usefulness well founded, when disease came insidiously upon him, fastened upon the vital organs, and soon translated him from earth to heaven. A third had crossed the ocean, in search of the health and strength which he needed to follow out his noble profession, but it came not; the soft airs of the South of France brought no healing on their wings. Anxious to see once more the loved ones of home, he embarked; but the tossing waves soon rocked only the body from which the soul had fled. The thought of these was uppermost as they stood hand clasped in hand, and one, the singer of the band, began,—

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee."

All joined in, and after this brief allusion to the departed, and a fervent prayer from the eldest of the company, they seated themselves for their review of the past. Strong, the

handsomest of the band, was first called upon for his experience in "candidating" and settlement.

" You all know," he began, " that I had but little experience in 'candidating' before my first settlement, though I have had enough of it since. My first sermon was preached in a neighboring city, and to my great surprise, and, I am afraid I must acknowledge,—for we are bound to be frank here,—to the gratification of my vanity, I received an almost immediate call to settle over the Society; so that, in less than three months from the time we parted here, I had received the seal of consecration, and stood in one of the oldest city pulpits, its stated pastor. I knew the Society was what we call a dead one. What recked I of that? Did I not feel within myself that I could utter clarion notes, which should rouse them from their slumbers? Buoyant, full of hope, somewhat elated by my unexpected success, what feared I? Zealously I entered upon the work; reform was needed, reform I pressed. I could not be content with preaching of the sins of Aaron and the sons of Eli; I must preach against the sins of our very church. Wine-bibbers sat before, and I could not choose but look at them as I spoke of temperance and judgment to come. Profligates were there; could I speak of the sins of David, and not say to these young men who quailed before my eye, 'Thou art the man'? Soon I missed one and another from their seats; then rumor came,—this one had given up his pew; that one had been often to hear Rev. Mr. Smooth-Tongue, it was feared he too would leave. Then came complaints that I did not visit enough; then floating scandal,—I talked too much with this young lady, or with that. Kind friends there were, ready to bring all these things to my ears. At last, stung to the quick by the unjust remarks and cruel aspersions, I sent in my resignation to the Society, and left it as suddenly as I came to it. Two years of experience I had had, not altogether sad, for I had many happy hours, found many true friends, and learned a lesson I needed, my

own insufficiency,—that I must lean upon the strong arm of the Father, or I should be weak indeed.

"Now came my first real experience in 'candidating.' I received an invitation to preach in a retired country town. With carpet-bag in hand, I took my seat in the cars on Saturday afternoon, and soon found myself in the quiet town of N—. I had received no directions where I was to remain during my stay in the town, and I fully expected to find some one waiting for me at the depot; but no one appeared, and, after wandering about the streets some little time, I went reluctantly to the hotel. I inquired if they knew who were the Committee of the Third Parish, but they were entirely ignorant; and, hopeless of any information, I retired to my room. Sunday morning I arose unrefreshed, went out to walk to compose my nerves, and bring myself into a more devotional frame of mind. The first bell rung; there were four churches in the town, and I knew not which I was to preach in. Feeling it important I should know in season, I went from one to another, and, at the last, was told they expected a minister from the city as a candidate. The sexton did not know, but he guessed he had come, as N— was thought to be a pretty good place to preach in. I returned to the hotel, took my sermons, and went back to the church, feeling I could there better prepare myself for the duties of the day in that hallowed place. When the people entered the church, I looked at them with some interest, to see what sort of people they were who could so thoroughly ignore the possible wants of a preacher. They were intelligent and refined in appearance, and listened with attention to the exercises. But I could not preach with my usual animation. I felt no electric touch of sympathy to kindle my own aspirations. The service ended, I descended the stairs; but no friendly voice greeted me, no welcoming hand was stretched forth. I passed out, people stepping aside as if I had the leprosy. Like the morning was the afternoon, and glad was I on Monday to take my seat in the

cars to return home. In the course of the week I received a letter from the Committee, enclosing fifteen dollars, and requesting me to preach four Sundays more. I wrote, declining the proposition; and I know that Society was without a pastor three years, and principally owing to this want of consideration for the feelings of a stranger. You look as if you thought me too sensitive, friends; but it was not the lack of courtesy that led me to decline the request to preach again at N——. I looked upon it as a sign of the want of interest in religious institutions. Had there been one man in that Society truly interested in the great work of the Church, it would have led him to feel a kindly interest in a minister of that Church, however few his gifts; and it is this indifference which is stifling the life out of so many of our religious societies.

"My next experience was somewhat different. I was sent for from the First Parish of a large seaport town, engaged for four Sundays, and given the address of the person with whom I was to board during the time. Very pleasant were those three weeks. Hospitable, kind-hearted, and intelligent were the people, and I had preached there but two Sundays before much was said to me about remaining, and a strong wish expressed that I might content myself with their Society. Every day I came to like it better and better, and to garner up my wishes there. I preached my four Sundays, and left with the full expectation of a call, which however never came. Days and weeks went by, but no word or message came to me, till one day the papers announced that this very call had been sent to Rev. Mr. Prentence, who had preached there before me, and being very free in manner and peculiar in preaching, many desired him, and those who would really have preferred me were obliged to yield. In such alternations as these passed six months, and then I found a pleasant harbor in which to cast my anchor, where I feel I am doing a good work, though the tidal waves of slavery and intemperance have surged against my poor barque till they have almost upheaved her."

A pause followed this recital. Page was called upon. He had a fine intellectual forehead, and a physiognomy which would have been pleasant but for a peculiarity in the growth of his hair. It was a very light brown, and stood around his head a perfect *chevaux de frise*. His voice was singularly clear and musical, startling almost from its contrast to his appearance.

"My experience has in many respects been a sad one, not so much from its influence upon myself, as from the conviction it has brought to my heart of the want of the right religious feeling in the community, and the superficiality of the relation between pastors and people, the false views with which that relation is entered into, the lack of the Christian element. For some time after my graduation, I preached for absent ministers, not wishing to enter upon my candidateness till I had gained more experience, and tested more my own powers. After six months so passed, I went to preach for a church in Maine, then destitute of a pastor. The engagement was for three months, a period long enough for us to know something of each other. I was pleased with the arrangement, and entered with strong hope into the work, trusting in God's strength to bring forth much fruit. And I was prospered. Much religious interest was manifested; the young men came out to our evening meetings, and I was encouraged. The three months passed quickly by. All my arrangements were made with reference to my remaining in the place. The time for the meeting to give me a call drew near. I had no anxiety, no doubt,—fully expected the result of the meeting would be a unanimous call. But it came not. Finally, I asked one whom I knew to be a friend, both to the Society and myself, why I had not heard the result of the meeting.

"'Why, Mr. Page,' said he, grasping my hand, 'I do believe all are ashamed to tell it you; it is a disgrace to us.'

"'They surely have naught to say against my character, have they?' said I.

"No, they all bore the fullest testimony to that, to your devotion to your duties, and to the rich intellect you bring into your Sunday services; they never expect to have one they like better in any of these respects, but—'

"But what, Mr. Marsh? You are bound by your obligation as a Christian to speak the truth to me. I must know what interferes with my success as a religious teacher. My heart is wrapped up in my profession, and if there is anything about me that interferes with that, I am bound to cast it off."

"O, if you only could cast off your hair!"

"My hair! what has my hair to do with it?" I asked, as I ran my fingers through its forest.

"Excuse me," replied he, "but it is all prevents your settlement here.\* The men don't care for it, of course; but Miss Cook, who, you know, is the richest, and of course the most influential, person in the parish, says she will not support a minister whose head looks like yours. The people do not like to run the risk of alienating her funds from the Society."

"Thank you for telling me the whole truth; I am pained, deeply pained, not that my hair grows as my Creator intended it should, but that the doctrines of Him who looked not at the outer, but the inner man, should have been so long preached here in vain."

"You will hardly be willing to believe, brothers, that the three first parishes where I preached as a candidate were influenced by this consideration, and I really began to think I must give up either my ministry or my hair, when I fortunately met with a simple, plain-hearted people, who were satisfied with my preaching, and did not care whether my hair stood out like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' or lay smooth and sleek as on a Puritan Roundhead."

We were all too much saddened at the total want of

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\* The truth of this excuse for the non-settlement of an otherwise popular preacher can be vouched for.

religious feeling manifested by the people for whom Page had preached, to even smile at their fatuity. It has become a serious thing when the mere outward attracts so much more than the true inner life; when the handsome face, stately form, or full, rounded voice, will win for a young man offers from both city and country parishes, while his classmate of equal, if not superior talent, and with far greater depth and earnestness, will be neglected and passed by, because nature has encased his soul in an uninteresting form.

Magee was next called upon for the experience of his five years. He had a good deal of the comic element in him, and his eye sparkled with mirth, as he said: " You expect the history of my candidating. Why, to be frank, I never had the chance to 'candidate,' as it is called, at all. I went from one place to another, preaching one Sunday at each, and in this way I tried all the vacant pulpits in the length and breadth of our Zion. In some, they told me they had heard from thirty to forty preachers, and very strange it seemed to them they could find none to suit them. They thought ministers had deteriorated very much. It did not use to be so in their father's times. They did not think the principal cause of the difficulty was with themselves. They gave but one Sunday to each. The first Sunday a man preaches in any place it is at great disadvantage; he does not know the modulation of voice required by the church, he has no particular sympathy with the people, he feels he stands there to be criticised, a stranger in a strange place. But if he is listened to with interest, if he feels that the people really desire to hear him as a candidate, and wish to settle him if he meets their spiritual wants, then he gains courage, puts forth his powers. But the supply of the vacant pulpit is usually committed to the charge of some ex-minister, who is always ready to step in and preach himself, if a popular candidate is not readily obtained. Thus the people are freed from a care which would be a stimulus to

them, and the supplying clergyman, tempted by his own desires and necessities, does not give his heartiest influence for the immediate settlement of any candidate. My first year was passed without my once preaching more than one Sabbath at a time in any place. I wearied of this, and went to the West, hoping there to find more mellow soil, and societies less acted upon by the outside conventionalisms. I struck boldly into one of the new cities, canvassed for hearers, and succeeded in gathering a little band, to whom I preached in an 'upper chamber' for two years. We strengthened month by month, and soon found means for building a pretty church. I was content, my work seemed before me. I thought myself firmly seated in the affections of my people. Then came one of those political convulsions, one of the aggressions of the South, one of those crises in which a true man must speak, or feel that he crushes out a God-given truth. I preached temperately, moderately, advised no rash measures; but the words, all too feeble for the satisfaction of my own conscience, were too strong for the nerves of my hearers. A protest was drawn up, the result of which is that I stand here now, as free of parish and of friends as this day five years."

We could not but feel regret as we listened to Magee, that he, the favorite of his class, the earnest, true-hearted man, and devoted Christian, should have met with such a disappointment in his profession. But we saw, by the light in his eye, that it had no power to chill the warm heart, the trusting, childlike faith, but that he was as ready to go forth, and do and dare for truth and Christ's sake, as ever. We all expressed this thought but Mitchell, who said:—

"Ah, Brother Magee, I cannot but think you take counsel of your feelings rather than your conscience. Do you not see the harm you have done by bringing politics into the pulpit? You were doing a good work in your Western home, bringing people under religious influences, gradually leading them to God. You utter a few hasty words,—

your power over them for good is done. You have introduced discord into a once united society, and what have you gained? Only the momentary pleasure of having spoken your own thought. As for me, I seem to have had a different and more happy experience than any of you, and it must be from the different views I take of these things. Immediately after my graduation, I was sent for to preach at the town of P——, for one Sabbath. At the close of the day, a committee waited upon me and invited me to preach four, for them, as a candidate. I accepted; at the end of the time I received a unanimous call to settle over the parish. I accepted, and certainly my course has run smoothly enough. I have been undisturbed in my relations with my people. Politics, slavery, intemperance, and women's rights I exclude wholly from my Sabbath services; the week-day is enough for those. Are they not canvassed in every counting-room and corner during the week? That is surely enough time to be given to those; let the holy day be given to more holy meditations,—the love of Christ, the duty of obedience, Paul's teachings. These surely furnish endless topics on which to occupy the hour of worship. Thus my people learn to love the return of the day; they fear no jarring discords as they come up to the temple; they enter it gladly, and leave it in peace with themselves and the world."

"'I came not to bring peace but a sword upon the earth,' were the words of our blessed Saviour," said Page, "and with the sword he has himself placed in our hands it is our duty to hew down the crying sins of the individual, the state, the country; and I will strike at them, so help me God, even if every stroke returns upon myself in the loss of friends or worldly position."

"And I too, so help me God," came from each lip save Mitchell's, who for one moment looked rebuked by the "higher law" of his companions; but his self-complacency soon returned, and he quietly said: —

"The end of our ministry will show which has taken the best course."

Each turned now an expecting eye towards Myron, almost dreading to hear his experience, for he had a serious personal defect. When a mere lad he had rushed into a burning house to save a child, and was so seriously burned he was obliged to have an arm amputated. This had given a color to his life. A gay, light-hearted youth, he would probably have plunged into the excitements of life, perhaps its dissipations, had it not been for the check thus received. In the quiet of the sick-chamber, he had time for thought, and, young as he was, suffering taught him there was something truly noble for him, and that the highest happiness could only be found in a persistent course of duty. By degrees he grew into the wish to devote himself to the ministry. His friends at first opposed it, thinking the loss of his arm might prove an obstacle to his success; but he could not relinquish the cherished hope; he could not believe that any people would be so actuated by the merely outward consideration, as to make his personal defect at all a hinderance to his usefulness. His experiences will show how far he was correct.

"I have always thought," he said, "that one of Dickens's most exquisite touches of feeling and Christianity was in his 'Tiny Tim,' the poor deformed cripple, who wished to go to church on Christmas because he thought that seeing him, lame, halt, and withered, as he was, would recall to those who saw him the remembrance of Him who gave feet to the lame, strength to the impotent, vital energy to the paralyzed. It was with something of the same feeling I entered upon the ministry. I felt I was a speaking monument of the Father's love. My very maimed condition spoke most loudly of the goodness and the grace of Him who had given me peace and happiness, though crippled, and shut out from many of the active enjoyments of life. My years of study were years of delight, for I was striving to prepare myself for the utmost usefulness in my profes-

sion, and I went forth with as high hopes and earnest aspirations as any of you. But they have been greatly disappointed. I have been repeatedly told that the only objection to my settlement in this or that place was my personal defect,—a minister with only one arm was almost as objectionable as one who had lost a leg. I have heard young people where I have preached, when they were unconscious of my being so near, laugh at my awkward movements, mimic the hitch of my shoulder, and compare me to a fowl with one wing clipped. How little do they take home the spirit of Him who went about healing all human infirmities, and blessing those who had most deeply suffered! But, rejected as I have been, I have never once regretted my loss, for had it not been for that, I might never have known the joy that springs from a true consecration. I have been disappointed in my hopes, it is true; I have been made fully to realize how little way the principles of Christ have yet penetrated into the mass of the world; but the leaven is there, and gradually, in the years and ages to come, the whole will be uplifted by its influence. But realizing that, while the world is as it is, I can find no sphere of usefulness as a minister, I have made arrangements for entering upon the next most glorious profession, that of teaching. I do not suppose those who objected to me in the pulpit, because I was one-sided and awkward, will consider *that* a sufficient obstacle to placing their children with me, and I can strive to realize my idea of a Christian parish in my school."

"Not a very bright picture have we had of 'candidating' in this age," said Page; "but we must ever keep in mind, in justification of the parishes, that we are none of us 'brilliant' men. No drawing-room belle is more sought for than the masters of the rhetorical art. Our societies hear them in public lectures, and various other occasions, and thus the taste is formed, the desire strengthened, to have the brilliant, the graceful, the 'out-gushing,' and the bizarre added to the true and substantial. God grant the first may never be taken instead of the last!"

## THE RAIN.\*

FROM THE SPANISH OF J. MELENDEZ VALDES.

WELCOME art thou, gentle Rain !  
 To refresh our valleys green ;  
 Plenty to bring back again,  
 Through thy dewy influence seen.

Welcome art thou, fertile Rain !  
 To give life to fragrant flowers,  
 Which, with open calyx, fain  
 Would peep forth beneath their bowers.

Welcome are thy waters gay,  
 Drooping husbandmen to cheer ;  
 Who, their efforts cast away,  
 Mourn, in sad, foreboding fear.

Hasten down, and let the earth  
 Its parched bosom to thee bare ;  
 Let the myriad seeds put forth  
 To the balmy, genial air.

Swift descend upon the wings  
 Of the playful wind, instil  
 The delight thy freshness brings,  
 And each panting bosom fill.

## \* LA LLUVIA.

POR DON J. MELENDEZ VALDES.

Bienvenida, o lluvia, seas  
 A refrescar nuestros valles,  
 Y a traernos la abundancia  
 Con tu rocío agradable.

Bien vengas, o fértil lluvia,  
 A dar vida á las fragantes  
 Flores, que por recibirte  
 Rompen ya su tierno cáliz.

Bien vengais, alegres aguas,  
 Fausto alivio del cobarde

Labrador, que ya gemía  
 Malogrados sus afanes.

Baxad, baxad, que la tierra  
 Su agostado seno os abre,  
 Y os esperan mil semillas  
 Para al punto fecundarse.

Baxad, baxad en las alas  
 Del vago viento, empapadle  
 En deliciosa frescura,  
 Y el pecho lo aspire fácil.

O how sweetly on the ear  
 Falls the soft, enchanting sound,  
 Which 'mong trembling leaves we hear,  
 As the rain-drops scatter round !

These, in wavelets, onward flow,  
 Stirring up the waters clear ;  
 As they round in circles go,  
 Trees reflected disappear.

Leaping free, from bough to bough,  
 Birds, exulting, chirp aloud ;  
 Laughing at the wave below,  
 Of their brilliant plumage proud.

Restoration to the plain,  
 Each in noisy carol sings ;  
 Health proclaims to all again ;  
 Each, in gladness, flaps his wings.

Shepherds view the frosty fleece  
 Of their lambs with dew spread o'er ;  
 Agitated, shaken, this  
 Falls away, is seen no more ;

While the lamb, in sportive mood,  
 Bleating, frisking, skips around ;  
 Blesses Heaven, and seeks his food  
 From the newly moistened ground.

Baxad, ¡o! como al oido  
 Encanta el ruido suave,  
 Que entre las trémulas hojas  
 Cayendo las gotas hacen !

Las que al rio undosas corren,  
 Agitando sus cristales  
 En vagos círculos turban  
 De los árboles la imagen.

Saltando de rama en rama  
 Regocijadas las aves,  
 Del líquido humor se burlan  
 Con su pomposo plumage.

A las desmayadas vegas  
 En bulliciosos cantares  
 Su salud faustas anuncian,  
 Y alegres las alas baton.

El pastor el vellón mira  
 Del corderillo escarcharse  
 De aljófares, que al moverse  
 Invisibles se deshacen ;

Mientras él se goza y salta,  
 Y con balidos amables  
 Bendice al cielo, y ansioso  
 La mojada yerba pase.

Now the farmer feels the breeze  
 That around him softly plays :  
 As his glistening fields he sees,  
 With delight hemingles praise.

All is brilliant, all reborn,  
 The air is fragrant with perfume ;  
 Upward shoots the tender corn,  
 Fruit-trees flourish in their bloom.

On his radiant throne of old,  
 Rises now the glorious sun,  
 Paints the Rainbow, red and gold,  
 Fleecy, gorgeous clouds upon.

Nature beams with smiles again,  
 In her gala-garments dressed : —  
 O benignant, vital Rain,  
 In thy healthful waters blessed,

Come, O come, and all around  
 Gladness, joy, abundance fling,  
 That, with countless mercies crowned,  
 Mortals may rejoice and sing.

C. F. B.

El viento plácido aspira,  
 Y viendo quan manso cae  
 En sus campos el rocío,  
 El labrador se complace.

Todo brilla y se renueva,  
 De aromas se puebla el ayre,  
 Las tiernas mieles espigan,  
 Y florecen los frutales.

Alzando entre hermosas nubes  
 El sol su trono radiante,

Al iris de grana y oro  
 Pinta en riquísimo esmalte.

La naturaleza toda  
 De galas se orna y renace : —  
 O benigna, o vital lluvia,  
 Con tus ondas saludables,

Ven pues, ¡o! ven, y contigo  
 La rica abundancia trae,  
 Que de frutos coronada  
 Regocije los mortales.

## THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

WE owe it to woman to hold up before her, in *real* life, those instances of humble goodness which have a tendency to encourage and stimulate. The only reason why we would put fiction into the hands of the young is, that they may be influenced by those beautiful ideals of Christian perfection which we often find in them. When we know that there have been among us, sleeping beneath our roof, sitting at our tables, kneeling by our household altars, the *living* ideals, so like those fair conceptions, is it not right to remove the veil of domestic life, and let so gentle a light shine to bless a larger circle?

Within a few weeks, in a country village, there was a quiet gathering around an open grave. It was near sunset. The young, the middle-aged, the venerable form were there. Appropriate passages of Scripture were read by the beloved pastor, to soothe and encourage the bereaved, followed by an inspiring hymn of faith, and then a gentle requiem, a favorite of the departed. We left her, and the earth received into her peaceful bosom the remains of our mother. And the little birds sing to her, and the children love to place flowers upon her grave, and the aged man and feeble woman linger near her last resting-place, and feel very near to heaven; and the branches of her old elm cast their sunset shadows over her pillow, with a good-night blessing. Peace and love were her atmosphere while among men, and they hover about her still.

Our mother! she needs no name. So secluded in her daily walk, so lowly in her estimate of herself, her pure soul would have shrunk from distinction. Her nature was beautiful, her principles were inflexible, her heart tender and sympathizing, her taste refined, her soul pure, self-forgetful, devout.

Our mother was an only child, for death had already taken

the first-born from the household. She was the pride and darling of her devoted parents, and the delight of many friends. She was delicately reared, well educated for her day, when French and music were unusual accomplishments. The graces of her person and manners made her attractive in general society, in which she freely mingled. She was a living refutation of the common remark, that an only child in a family is inclined to become a selfish character. Self-sacrifice, as applied to her, gives but an incomplete impression of her daily life. There was a cheerful forgetfulness of self, a readiness of response to the wants of others, a winning tone and manner to all about her, that led them to go to her in their little necessities; for they felt "she loved to love," and loved to aid and bless. Feeble in body, she was forced to practise much self-denial in her habits. She did not attempt great and striking deeds. She knew, though she never praised herself, the rich value of a good action performed in the spirit of love, though ever so small. Though always industrious and useful, humility was one of her distinguishing traits. In speaking of herself in connection with society, she would meekly say, "I hope I have never done any one harm." She had years of great responsibility, many trials to endure with and for others, many unusual demands on her time in supplying the necessities of those she loved; but how readily did she conform to those frequent claims! Hospitable to a remarkable degree, she ever received strangers and friends as if she knew she might "entertain" in each "an angel." From her tenderness of heart for all suffering, from the lowest animal to the dearest friend, she often shrank from the sight of evil, with pain that she could do nothing to alleviate. In her gentle judgment, the reputation of all was safe. Though her pure and elevated standard made her peculiarly alive to whatever was low or unprincipled, she would never dwell in conversation on anything but the favorable side of character. We believe no uncharitable judgment can be remembered ever to have

passed her lips. But her love of goodness, of strict honesty and truthfulness, was deeply inlaid within her soul. Gentle and yielding, almost to a fault, perhaps, where principle was not involved, she was resolute and unflinching where truth was at stake, or a question of duty was before her.

And yet we only saw in her the natural fruits of that religion which is pure and undefiled; which teaches us "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God." We knew her intimately, in her rising up and her lying down. We know she led a life of prayer. Its still, small voice was often in her lonely chamber. In all her trouble, much as she loved the sympathy and support of others, God was pre-eminently her refuge and strength, and she was wont to say, when she would soothe and sustain any one about her, in accents of deep feeling, "I have *prayed* for you."

How blessed a thing it is to us, pilgrims and sojourners, that now and then such spirits are vouchsafed to us as models and guides through the valley of life! Let their humble virtues serve to stimulate us in following our blessed Master, and make us realize that a cup of cold water, given in the spirit of love, "shall in no wise lose its reward."

L.

## PHILIP REBUKED.

If ever a withering blight comes over the expected harvest, from good seed sown, the grains, instead of being filled with milk and flour, are husky and dry as the sower's hopes. If, after long toil and patience, a teacher discovers that all his efforts have been unavailing, and that his pupil has not yet learned the rudiments, how great the discouragement! When Philip said to Jesus, "Show us the Father," he exhibited proof of his ignorance of the whole mission of Christ. How disheartening such a question! So long had Jesus been with him revealing the Father, and yet comes this strange

inquiry. Our Lord was unknown to his most intimate friends. So have I known a clergyman to have spent five and six years with his people, who never knew his worth, until, at his death, strangers came and told how great and good a man he was. Jesus, the great teacher, with such stolid disciples! Here is enough for instruction, counsel, encouragement, for those who now undertake to preach the Gospel.

But now that Christianity is established, now that every step in our path is irradiated by the Sun of righteousness, now that every hour is ameliorated by the labors of the Prince of Peace, every moment made hopeful by the glad doctrines which the Saviour has made household words, what a fearful discovery is it to find those who have been bathed in the light of his love who know not their Lord! Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me? So long inheriting the choice blessings of the Gospel, the blood of martyrs, the prodigies of so many servants of God, the writings of so many good men, and a religion of eighteen hundred years, and yet not to know the Author and Finisher of our faith,—not to know by experience the worth of his mission, nor learn by inward conviction the value of his life! So long have the precious truths which came from Heaven been his, and yet they make no part of him! Analyze the man, what of Christ's love is there in him, what of Christ's spirit? The Christian temper enters not into the thoughts of his heart. Visit our colleges, where the hope of the nation is forming, what of Christ is there? Go to our legislative halls, where the nation's wisdom is congregated. Hear the oath and the blasphemy. Is Jesus known there? Come to our churches, where his name is hallowed, how many frequent them Sunday after Sunday that know not their Lord!

A man educated in a Christian land meets with reverses, the world goes against him, loss follows loss, and gloom and misanthropy settle upon him. Religion has no com-

fort for him, no word of promise, for it is not one of his treasures. All is frowning, impending. Where is He who has been so long with him? where the hymns he lisped in childhood, the prayer offered on a mother's knee? where those words of Scripture repeated years ago? where the holy oracles, heard Sabbath after Sabbath, though never sinking into his mind? What are all to him, what consolation do they bring, what support to his mind? He might have been brought up in Africa rather than in New England, for all the benefit to his soul.

To be resuscitated is a most painful process. What is it to coming to a consciousness of Christ, now disowned? Somewhere, either in this state or another, we must awake to a knowledge of Jesus, if we are to know the Father. What an awakening to one who has been all his days under the sunlight of God's favor. Annihilation alone can be compared with it. Yet here we live by the side of our Master, and yet so imperfect is our acquaintance with God, so little of the Gospel is in our lives, that the question to Philip might with equal force be put to us. This renovated world into which we are introduced, these quiet homes, these rights and the pursuit of happiness guaranteed to us, the heavenly hopes that stretch forth to infinitude, all are to us as naught. What respect is paid to the command,

" Go call thy sons; instruct them what a debt  
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear  
To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born "?

How transmit that which we have learned not yet to prize?  
What teach of Christ, when we have learned so little?

If we are to live, in some stage of our being the question to Philip must be put to us. How does the appeal sound in our ears now? Is it a rebuke? That Saviour who should be your guide, is a stranger. He who is the brightness of the glory and express image of the person of God, is a word, a name, a form. We talk of responsibility, what

more responsible being is there, than he who is intrusted with the legacy of Christ? But what care is taken of it? How is the Friend of man treated? Not as our Friend, for we have nothing in common with him. He is afar, away, off in the heavens, not nigh us, counselling, cheering, teaching, evangelizing us. A friend should bear a friend's infirmities. Do we let Jesus bear ours? Do we bring him near to us, and feel that he can and will help us if we come to him in love. Do we commune with him, and seek for his spirit, and study to gain his regard? Does the Father present himself as the Universal Parent, who cannot bear the envious, the supercilious, the selfish? Have we the dispositions of children?

The subject is worthy the consideration of all who enjoy the advantages of Christian institutions. It comes naturally from the passage of Scripture which has been considered. It reads like a rebuke to Philip, whatever the thought in his mind when he said, "Show us the Father." He had in mind the apparitions of God in the Jewish Scriptures, and believed that the Deity would appear in visible form when the earthly reign of the Messiah commenced, which, from our Saviour's words, he thought was soon to be. The happy time when God would descend from heaven and assist his people had come, and Jesus was now to ascend the throne. So sensual was this thought, so foreign to the subject occupying the Saviour's mind, that we may well admire the mildness and serenity with which the Teacher continued his discourse after such an interruption. How such pupils could have converted the world is another wonder, and another proof of the power of the Gospel over the heart and life.

W. A. W.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

*Sermons for the New Life.* By HORACE BUSHNELL, D. D. Charles Scribner.—These strong thoughts of a mature and spiritual mind will be greeted far and wide with a hearty welcome. Many who already feel indebted to the author for some of the firmest and liveliest religious impulses they have ever received, will be thankful to listen again to their former teacher, and to receive a fresh invigoration, in their nobler nature, from the same helper. Many others, who have been greatly aided by him in the shaping of a definite, positive Christian belief,—lifted out of mental confusion, out of vain traditions, out of oppressive doubts or contradictions, by his clear insight and reasonable persuasions,—will joyfully receive a new message from the same wise head and consecrated heart. Nor are these sermons written on the same level with any of the author's preceding productions. They betoken a deeper experience. They speak from a richer knowledge. They are the expression of a faith wrought patiently out by a harder discipline, showing not only courage in the conflict, but humility and peace after it. The only trace of the controversial period is without the controversial temper,—a touching allusion to "days of accusation," in a simple and affectionate dedication of the volume to his "dear flock at Hartford." Misrepresentation, pain, coldness of brethren, mingled with large intellectual and ministerial successes, seem to have yielded here their better fruit, and to have ripened thought, feeling, and character together.

It is a peculiarity of Dr. Bushnell's discourses, that, by a rare union of mental ingenuity and spiritual discernment, they offer original interpretations of familiar doctrines,—interpretations that retain the truth, and reject its objectionable forms. They are apt to strike to the vital part of the matter, and to expose the substantial thing to be believed, well cleared of the technical appendages. In the sermon on "Duty not measured by our own Ability," for instance, we have what is true in the old dogma of human inability, the truth which doubtless brought that dogma into the Church, affirmed and illustrated with such power and beauty that we wonder it could ever have been denied. The sermon on "Regeneration," while it is not to be dis-

puted by the Unitarian, is satisfactory to the Calvinist. No more awful demonstration of the final terrors of judgment on the impenitent can be required, than we find irresistibly set forth under the text, "Take, therefore, the talent from him." So we might enumerate many other examples where the fine and subtle quality of the preacher's nature penetrates to the core of his subject, and proves that what is most thoroughly evangelical is also most undeniably rational. He renders that great service to the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel, setting them into analogy with accepted ideas, or commanding them by similitudes drawn from an intelligent observation. His theology is never compromised by prejudice or timidity. His ethical uprightness is never vitiated by a false philosophy of motives. His strictness of belief and seriousness of spirit are not enfeebled by a charity which is yet liberal with the toleration and kindness of the New Testament. Too much can hardly be said in praise of his breadth of treatment, the force of his style. Everybody knows the animation, the penetrative rapidity, of his intellectual movement. The sermons spread out into generous proportions, and their stimulating interest never flags. Yet we believe all who read them thoughtfully will agree with us, that their best quality is the searching truthfulness with which they report the deep facts of the inward life, expound its laws, raise its tone, bring it into a consciousness of real communion with Christ, and open to it the mystery of God. It is pleasant to write these things, both as a tribute of personal esteem, and as an acknowledgment of great public usefulness. Dr. Bushnell's reputation as a thinker and writer is wide enough to satisfy his ambition, which, if we mistake not, has not been small, and which he has striven nobly to subdue. But if we rightly apprehend the spirit of his ministry and his sermons, his work is one that the Head of the Church will crown with a higher honor than any human fame. May it be prolonged, and to the end be filled with the "joy of harvest."

*The Old Red Sandstone.* By HUGH MILLER, LL.D. Gould and Lincoln.—The treatises of this believing philosopher have done much to clothe the investigations of science with the attractions of romance, and to make them confirmations of revealed religion. If, in some rare instances, the honest utterance of religious conviction trenches a little upon the province of the naturalist, it is certainly a fault to be readily pardoned. This was his first theological work,

and was originally published seventeen years ago. Many of his predictions have been fulfilled, in this comparatively recent department of science, and his conclusions established. When he, in his lifetime, detected any error in his earlier positions,—as respecting the regular increase of size in fishes with successive formations,—he had the candor to correct his mistake. The present is the seventh edition, and is reprinted from that edited by Mrs. Miller. It includes plates of fossils, which have great value. Several geological papers are embraced in the volume, left among the lamented author's unpublished writings. The whole takes its place in the series of Mr. Miller's publications, for which the reading public are so largely indebted to these publishers.

*Evil not from God; or, The Mystery: being an Inquiry into the Origin of Evil.* By JOHN YOUNG, LL.D., Edinburgh. New York: Mason and Brothers, 108 and 110 Duane Street.—The author is already extensively and favorably known in this country by a work lately commended in these pages, "The Christ of History." The same lucid argument and grasp of mind that are displayed in that original treatise appear to advantage in this new attempt to solve the insoluble problem of evil. Hopeless as we consider the undertaking to be, there is an intellectual interest in following a process conducted with so much general ability; and where, as in this case, the mind of the writer is reverent and believing, the reader will often gain both comfort and strength from the work. Mr. Young takes the not unfamiliar view of the nature of God, that there is in it a latent, inert, physical potentiality of evil, but no moral possibility of anything but perfect good. God *cannot* be otherwise than infinitely holy. As to the liberty of man, he agrees essentially with Kant, Coleridge, Cousin, and the old school of Scotch metaphysicians, in declaring the "autonomy of the human will," or its self-governing power and absolute freedom of choice. Out of this liberty, in a finite being, comes not only a physical, but a moral possibility of sin. But evil is not the necessary complement of good. Moral evil is not a negative, but a dire and malignant positive,—beyond imperfection. It is the result of man's option as under law, a free but perverse choice, a conscious product of the human will, and of nothing else. It is a creature's wilful abuse of moral liberty. God is its eternal antagonist. The fact that moral evil leads to ever so great good, cannot change its quality

as evil. An intelligent, moral being, without power to choose, is a pure contradiction. And nothing but the perfection of his nature could secure him against sometimes choosing evil. The only way by which the Almighty himself can control the will as an active principle, is morally; that is, through the conscience, the understanding, the affections. And no power of this kind can *necessitate* a choice of good. Hence disobedience, retribution, redemption, and the whole Gospel system, which is set forth with much force.

*Familiar Quotations.* Third Edition. John Bartlett.—The collector continues to push his investigations with patience and enthusiasm. Out of his own extensive reading, as well as through many literary friends, he seems to add some new passage, every week, to his ingenious and learned work. Of course its dimensions expand. Here we have a supplement of seventy-eight pages, as rich as what went before, which may be had either in a separate volume, uniform with the body of the book, or bound up with the new edition.

*Devotional Exercises for Schools and Families.* James Munroe & Co.—This careful, judicious selection of devotional passages from the Holy Scriptures, for the use of teacher and pupil, or parent and child, borrows additional interest from the circumstance that it is attributed to a venerable and high-minded layman extensively known through the country, Hon. J. T. Buckingham. The arrangement is admirable, and leaves no difficulty to those that use it. Several hymns are introduced, and the Lord's Prayer is connected with each exercise. Different portions of the Bible are represented. The responses are adjusted according to their meaning. The compilation was a beautiful employment for such a man, and it is much to be wished there were some way by which it could be introduced into every public and private school where the Scriptures and prayer are not daily heard. This is a new edition, with additions.

*Songs in the Night: or, Hymns for the Sick and Suffering.* With an Introduction, by REV. A. C. THOMPSON. S. K. Whipple & Co.—The fact that this is the fifth edition, shows how cordially this offering of consolation has been received by the community. It is here presented in very firm and handsome binding. Some of the most poetical and melodious hymns in the language are included in it, together with other poetical pieces, both soothing and sublime,

from the best poets. Persons seeking gifts for the sick or bereaved will do well to examine it.

*Our Little Ones in Heaven.* Gould and Lincoln.—A large number of extracts, mostly from well-known authors, in prose and verse, appropriate to the condition and sorrow hinted at in the title, are here thrown together in a convenient little volume. It must help to make those who mourn for departed children more blessed.

*Father Henson's Story of his own Life.* J. P. Jewett & Co.—An intimate personal acquaintance, renewed, from time to time, through a period of about a dozen years, has inspired us with a respect and affection for this remarkable person, such as we can feel for but few living men. God appears to have raised him up out of the degradations of Southern slavery, with the natural capacities of a soldier and a statesman for a hero's work in behalf of his oppressed people,—graciously adding to his other powers, through regeneration, the higher gifts and graces of a Christian apostle. He has been the civil father and friend, the adviser and advocate, of some two thousand fugitive blacks of Canada. He has traversed this country and England, in their behalf, begging, planning, and ever praying for their temporal and spiritual welfare. He has sat down, an honored, unembarrassed guest, at the tables of the best homes in America, and he has stood up, unostentatiously, but without shame, in his own nobility of soul, among the titled men and women of England. Taught to read in his advanced age, by the torchlight, in a Canada cabin, with his child for a teacher, he now preaches the Gospel every week, showing a command of the Scriptures attained by few of his profession. This narrative relates his life and experiences while in slavery, the wild adventures and fearful sufferings of his escape and flight, his plans of organization and civilization north of the Lakes, and his various enterprises, journeyings, and trials for his race up to this time. Mrs. Stowe furnishes a spirited Introduction. There are ample materials in the book for half a dozen tragedies, as many "exciting romances," a volume of *Punch*, and a practical commentary on the biography of St. Paul.

*The Roby Family; or, Battling with the World.* By A. L. O. E. Carter and Brothers. Sold by Gould and Lincoln.—Many young readers will be glad to know that the fascinating fortunes of the

"Giant-Killer" are here carried out, though without the allegory. The plot and style are skilfully managed, and the teaching for character is excellent.

*The Choice and the Cross. A Discourse preached to the Thirteenth Congregational Society, May 2, by its Pastor, J. I. T. COOLIDGE.* John Wilson and Son. — In this sermon, at once solemn and spirited, we are taken into the deep places of Christ's truth. It is no cheap comment on the aspects of the times, but a vigorous reaffirmation of the eternal verities that lie at the centre of the Gospel, meeting also what lies deepest in the heart of man; and so is a kind of preaching that is for all times. It is not an ostentatious presentation of the preacher's ingenuity or accomplishments; and so does not fall into the rank of those rhetorical efforts in the pulpit which are the signs of a decaying faith, and are the desperate attempts of the mind and the will, aided by literary taste, to supply the lawful demands of the immortal hunger and thirst. It is a sermon wrought out of a life of habitual inward toil and spiritual integrity. It is the utterance of a man who lives in constant communion with the Master that sent him to preach and gave him his message, in whose name he was ordained, and whose approval is the highest honor of any ministry; a man who reveres his sacred calling too much to pervert it, even for an hour, to the trifling purposes of self-display, or any of those secular ambitions, or even real secular interests, which have such plentiful occasions and agencies of their own. If we take up the simple records of the divine ministry of Jesus, and, ceasing to ask how we shall think he might have taught, ask only how he did teach and what he taught, we shall find in this sermon an admirable illustration of his methods and doctrine. It is not often that we meet now-a-days a closer yet a fresher adherence to the original standard. So long as we hold by the New Testament, we must respect this fidelity. It is a kind of speech that searches the inner parts of a man's being, and puts to him the one supreme, all-important, decisive question. It helps us just at that radical point of character where we need to be helped, and where help really given helps every interest and department of morality and piety, feeling and life. It is at once plain in rebuke and kind in counsel, abounding in the wisdom and tenderness of Him who, having loved his own, loved them unto the end, and who prized the spiritual soundness and safety of men too much to shrink

from giving them pain or to hide from them the loftiest standard. "Repent," "Be converted," "Take up the cross," "What shall it profit to gain the world and lose the soul?"—these, and such as these, were the unceasing exhortations, the unchanging topics, of the Son of God and Saviour of the world. Surely he who knew what was in man knew what man needed, as he did what the Father desired. In the pages before us there is no lack of mental strength, of animation of style, of clearness, variety, and force of expression; but these qualities are so completely inwrought into the earnest purpose of the speaker, and so admirably subordinated to the fervent and weighty progress of the theme, that we cease to think of the person speaking, in the dealing of the truth with our personal conscience and heart. To a certain extent, such preaching must depend for its objective attractiveness on the spiritual culture and character of the hearer. The flippant and superficial, who look on Sunday and in church for another of the week's entertainments, for a subdued drama, or a declamatory lecture in a gown, or a piece of pulpit pyrotechnics, or a soothing justification of external proprieties without experimental religion, will not be altogether satisfied. But those who go to the Lord's house thoughtfully and reverently, with their families, to learn the better way, to be reproved and thus exalted, to be shown a more difficult and nobler path, even through the strait gate and narrow way, to lay hold on eternal life, and hear Christ and him crucified declared to the spiritual nature,—these will be more than satisfied; — they will be grateful for their privilege, and glad in their worship. Nor will any class fail to perceive, in some better moments, that this is indeed the very message which has been, is, and ever will be, the wisdom of God and the power of God to every one that believeth. It has, moreover, this marked and unquestionable advantage, that just in proportion as the Christian life ascends and advances, such a ministry becomes refreshing, comforting, elevating, while one that wants its peculiar element palls upon the quickened sense, and disappoints.

Writing on out of our feeling, we have given a more extended notice than usual of a single discourse. But it is right, first, because the author, a metropolitan minister, persevering for sixteen years in a devoted pastorship, never seeking general attention, but toiling with untiring assiduity in the edification of his people in their sanctuary and homes, has hardly once appeared before the public, and therefore

deserves the larger space now; secondly, because this, which is a specimen of his whole pulpit performance, represents a distinct conception of preaching, in contrast with much that is current and popular, and which, though we are far from pronouncing it the only just conception, is inferior to no other; and partly, too, because certain expressions toward the end, marked by great manliness, dignity, and self-denial, signify that, for the course he has taken in doctrine and speech, the preacher has encountered some opposition within his parish. We cannot help thinking that the society do wisely when they decide to retain such a spiritual helper and guide. It would be a strange and vain expectation that should look abroad, anywhere, after one more completely consecrated and qualified for every holy and friendly service among them. They know his theology and his heart. They know he is not a controversialist, nor a bigot, nor a sluggard, nor a seeker of fame. They know his serious spirit never trifles with truth, and his faith, positive and uncompromising as it is, never prompts him to an unkind assault upon others. Whatever questionings and apprehensions they may have had, they do well to lay every distrust and suspicion aside, to thank God for so affectionate and earnest and evangelical a teacher; and to cling loyally, with their ears and hearts and households, to the apostolic messenger, who is willing to take up any cross of sacrifice, that he may present them blameless and accepted in the day of the Lord Jesus.

*The Sacredness of Personality the Shield of Liberty.* A Discourse at Canton, by REV. N. H. CHAMBERLAIN.—Had this Sermon been preached by almost any of the men of established and large reputation, that reputation would not suffer from it. There is a surprising consecutiveness and energy of thought, a condensation and selectness and beauty of language, a richness of scholarly allusion, and a dignified reserve where the temptation to excess is most pressing, such as are more than sufficient to take the discourse out of the rank of ordinary productions. The author has set for himself a high mark, and we rejoice in the promise. The occasion of the preaching was a Fast Day; and the topic is not such as to test its author by the standard referred to in the preceding notice. He deals with the great truths of the Christian religion in their relation to the state and to civilization. For its purpose it is most admirable. We have only to suggest, that it would leave a stronger impression without the allegory at the end, good as that is in its own way and place.

*Judah and Simeon: or, Love with its Truth, the Great Power of Warfare against Evil.* By REV. WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Otis Clapp.—A note intimates that this sermon, preached in the New Jerusalem Church in Boston, has met with animadversion from some members of the New Church. We do not see why it should meet with animadversion from anybody. We have read it through with profit and great interest. We respect its author, not only for the activity of his mind and the simplicity of his heart,—sometimes evidenced in our own pages,—but for the steady progress he has maintained, in thought and life, for years, out of a superficial theology into a deeper spirituality and a position independent of sects. It is not our business to meddle with the internals of Swedenborgian controversies; but we must express our regret and disappointment at recently finding the same discords and vexing sectarianism which damage and deform the rest of the Christian world, springing up in a fold one of whose chief attractions to us had been its peace and brotherly love. With Mr. Fernald's estimate of Swedenborg himself,—in all its degree of deference,—we should not probably be quite able to agree; and in the use of correspondences we are rather the interested observer than the understanding disciple; but in such teaching as the following, taken from this sermon, we find sound instruction.

"There is no fact better established in the philosophy of the human mind, than that the best way to rout an old affection, is to implant a new one. It is not merely to oppose it by arguments and considerations drawn from the truth of the case, however weighty these arguments may be, but just to excite a new affection,—a new love; either by the presentation of a new object, or the old object in a new form. This is so important a principle that it is worthy of particular illustration. It is what an eminent theologian of the old school has styled 'the expulsive power of a new affection.' A great deal may be said, for instance, on the worthlessness and insignificance of the world of sin and vanity lying all around us,—a great deal of pointed truth, and unmistakable illustration, and such representations as may carry horror and conviction, at times, even to the heart of him who is committed to it; but it must be remembered all the while, that the man *loves* this world, that he has tendrils from his heart clinging around every object of frivolity and sin which so allures him, and that his very *life* is bound up with these seducing vanities. Now, to come down upon him with the simple *truth* of the case is not enough. He may go so far as even to assent to your truth. He knows that the world is unsatisfactory, better perhaps than you can tell him.

Having tasted of its joys more deeply than you have, and drunk of its delights to very satiety, he may, in his moments of reaction, or tiresomeness, and insupportable *ennui*, realize a more eloquent conviction of the miseries of such a life than could possibly be conveyed to him by any language of ours, or all the powers which mere representation could bring to bear upon him. He does realize it. There are no sermons on the vanity and hollowness of this world half equal to those drear and terrible confessions which sometimes come from the lips of worldliness itself. And like warning notes from the land of the departed, they are too frequently heard from souls so utterly gone, so completely severed from all remaining spiritual life, that they strike us as the desolate wails, and hollow echoes, and mournful exclamations of hell itself, persisting that there is no true joy in the life thus sorrowfully clung to. But still, in all except those moments of conviction, and consequent pain, there is the *love* of such a life.

" Suppose, for example, a son or a daughter of a family has contracted an alliance of a serious nature, tending even to matrimonial consummation, with some person who is manifestly unworthy, and whose connection with the family in this manner would be a dishonor or a disgrace to all the members of it. In the height of displeasure and indignation, the parents or the friends of the injudicious parties may remonstrate with every possible argument, and all their appeals would fall powerless around them. But let another person make her appearance, or his appearance, possessing more engaging charms and more powerful attractions, and it is sometimes even painful to see how quickly the heart is made to forget, and how thoroughly it can put away, by the expulsive power of a new and superior affection.

" Now, a principle so manifestly operative and efficacious as this is capable of being seen and felt with seven-fold perfection, in the higher matters of our theology. Our relations with the great Father of all are but the sources from whence these streams of earthly affection, perverted or unperverted, flow out upon the world. And it is only necessary to see Him, in all his loveliness, and in his affecting relations and dispensations towards us, to experience an attraction which will overpower every other attraction, and with the strength of Judah in league with Simeon, resist and conquer every evil and false principle.

" But the truth *alone* will not do this ; unless we *love* that truth, — unless the evils which plague us, and against which we direct it, are sought to be shunned for their opposite good, — not because they plague us merely, and we feel them to be an annoyance, but because we see them as so many interferences with the higher object of our supreme affections, and as displeasing to Him, it is manifestly not the Divine Love that engages us at all. To shun evils as sins against God, is not, in the highest sense, to shun them simply

because God requires it, but because we would not hurt an object towards which we entertain so much affection.\* If we cannot hurt God objectively, we most assuredly can subjectively, and why should we strive so against the very dearest, most interior love? Why should we suffer a single impulse of coldness or disregard?

"Seen in this light, to what a height of superior attraction may all the objects of the heavenly kingdom arise in the mind of the true Christian! For he knows, if he knows anything at all, that his very life here in the world is a gift of the Divine Love; and that every blessing with which he is surrounded, and every beauty that opens to his eye, is but an outbirth of that Divine Principle which overflows in such exuberance for the happiness of the whole intelligent creation. When, then, he contemplates his more interior relations to the same beneficent Power,—when he lifts himself in spirit to the blessings and beauties of the heavens, and to those countless susceptibilities of love and relationship in the human soul which have been so amply provided for in kindred souls, and conjugal ties, and in amplification and proliferation for ever and ever,—he must feel, if he have any emotions worthy of the subject, that the Being who could do this must be more lovely in Himself than all that he has provided, and that the love which he feels for kindred souls around him is but a drop in the ocean, to that boundless Source which has lavished all this glory and blessing upon him. And would it be anything unreasonable or hard, for a man who takes this view, to hate evils because they are contrary to the Lord's love?—because of a principle of tenderness and affection which he really *feels* for the Lord?—because of that vital influx into the interiors of his mind, which is a real *joy* to him, and the very delight of his highest life? What is it, in fact, to one of such spiritual capacity, but the realization of the language of the Psalmist, when he looks abroad upon the earth, and counts up all his heavenly possessions,—‘Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth I desire besides Thee; my flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.’

"And then it is that evils and falses, and all the abominations of a selfish nature, one by one, take up their departure from the soul. They are

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\* "Evils are made sins, not by the *arbitrary* command of God, but that command only grows from the fact that they are seen to be inconsistent with the order which Divine Love has established for the welfare and happiness of man. It is essential, therefore, to the highest Christian life, that we shun them with that fact in view; not by mere requirement, but with the Divine Love felt in the heart, which is the only thing that *causes* the requirement,—for the good only of the man himself, and others with whom he is connected. There is then a desire not to hurt that divine order in the soul,—not to oppose God who is so much loved for his own great love to us."

*moved* out by the power of a superior affection. Not slain in sanguinary battle, but withdrawn more forcibly by an opposite attraction.\* . . . .

"A man who thus loves the Lord *cannot* hate his brother, — cannot take the advantage of him in an unjust way, — cannot falsify, or despise, or treat him contemptuously, but must overflow with love to the human race, and subdue every principle of self-love and love of the world, by the strong power of the opposite affections. For the influx of the Divine Love which he now feels within him, not only *delights* him above all things else, but intimately connects him with humanity around ; for it is the very *nature* of the Divine Love to be interested in the objects of its own creation ; consequently, when the Lord is loved, or, which is the same thing, when this love is felt in quickening and animating impulses in our own souls, humanity is loved as a necessary consequence ; and every evil which is opposed to the comfort and welfare of man is shunned instinctively.

"But be it observed that a man may *think* he has this love, and can wield this power, when he has not and cannot. The understanding is so delusive, even while it can climb to such heights of truth and beauty, by the power which it has of so elevating itself above the will, and there is such a positive delight in the contemplation of so much truth in so much system, that it cannot well be otherwise than that many a soul may think it has made this attainment, when at the same time it is lingering in the outer courts of the temple, and does not know this inner touch of love. And it must be remembered that it is only the truth as it is united to good that is *real* truth, and that remains in the spiritual world. The reason is very obvious when it is considered in the light of the organic soul. The soul itself being thus a substance, and good being the immost principle or root, from which truth grows, and by which it is nourished, it is perfectly clear that all overgrowth, all that flourishes in the mere understanding, being without root, does not really exist, and must perish. Truth becomes rooted in the mind by doing it. That is, it really sends out its little fibrils of spiritual substance, which catch hold of the good substance in the mind, as truly as a vine or tree sends out its roots in the earth which supports it. And just in proportion as it has no root will it bear no fruit, but leaves only, and eventually wither in the soul.

"This distinction may be seen very clearly in a man of fine culture and expanded intellectual parts. He may even be a proficient in *moral* and *spiritual* truth. He may be able to conceive sentiments and make discriminations of motive character, which would be perfectly angelic in their nature, and in expression and illustration unexceptionable even to an angel himself. It may be, in fact, angelic wisdom, on the highest subjects. But let this same man who can talk thus highly, and reason thus profoundly, be

\* "Of course the coercive principle is included in the affectional, as repeatedly referred to, but the battle is less sanguinary and severe when carried on from love."

called to *act* that same truth, and he would act a *lie*, — the direct opposite of all his high-sounding words. Now what would be the reason? Because the truth was not really truth with him, — did not lay in his interiors with the good, but only in his understanding; and was as literally and substantially separated from those interior parts as one envelope or garment of a man is separate from another. Hence when he came to act, he only acted what was more deeply in, — in his will. And there the truth was not, but a falsehood. Such being the case, when such a man comes into the spiritual world, all this external redundancy will as surely fall away from him, as the vain and idle fancies of a dream. It will fall away because there is nothing to support it, — nothing interiorly which it loves, and which it can fix itself in, and feed upon, to eternity."

*The Life of George Stephenson.* By SAMUEL SMILES. Ticknor and Fields. — A simple, but thorough and enthusiastic memoir of perhaps the most extraordinary Englishman of this century. No romance could be more fascinating than this history of the rapid progress of a self-made genius from a dingy laborer in the coal-mines to the familiar friend of statesmen and kings. The fame of George Stephenson as the practical inventor of railroads, and as a civil engineer of wonderful foresight, energy, and tact, which brought him unexampled success, has long been known to every reader of newspapers. But the revelation of his private character and life in this volume is as surprising as it is touching. His patient perseverance and unflagging courage in combating difficulties that he found in his circumstances, in the rocks and bogs of nature, and in the prejudices and superstitions of men, were heroic. But his moral qualities were saintly. Stainless honor, quick sympathies, self-forgetful generosity, womanly tenderness, sunny cheerfulness, united with self-reliance, perseverance, tact, energy, to form a man, who did not need the knighthood which he twice declined, to be an English nobleman. We feel in closing the volume that we know another true *man*, a simple, upright man, who was never daunted by opposition, or seduced by plausible dishonesty, who cherished in his prosperous age the friends of his youthful poverty, who loved the birds and woods in his busy manhood as well as when in his boyhood he studied blackbird's-nests in the hedges, and who never forgot to look through nature up to nature's God. Mr. Smiles has written a plain, simple, but powerful memoir, worthy of its subject; he evidently loves and honors Mr. Stephenson too sincerely to be capable of trying to make a "sensation-book," — and so he has made one. We commend this reprint

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T.

*The Shadow on the Hearth.* By a Bereaved Parent. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.—An attempt to soothe the agony of parents weeping for the death of little children, by presenting the consolations which the author has found in the doctrine of infant salvation. The volume breathes an air of touching sincerity, and, to those who need any argument for the everlasting happiness of the young children whom Jesus calls to himself, it will exhibit strong grounds for their faith to rest on, and teach them how with the shadow on the hearth there may yet be sunshine in the heart.

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*Andromeda, and Other Poems.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Ticknor and Fields.—Because we have always thought Mr. Kingsley more gifted in prose composition than in poetry, we are not therefore to deny that he is a true poet. One of the respects in which his verse differs from his prose is, that its subjects are more apt to be either remote or fanciful, of less immediate concern with the age and its wants. The style, too, is less direct. Still the presence of genius must be felt in many of his poetical pieces, as in *The Saint's Tragedy*, *Andromeda*, *St. Maera*, and *The New Forest Ballad*.

*The Great Day of Atonement.*—Gould and Lincoln are about republishing a work with this title, translated from the German of Charlotte Elizabeth Nebelin, edited by Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. The plan presents a series of meditations and prayers appropriate to the last twenty-four hours of the Saviour's life on earth, with references to the scenes and experiences of his sufferings and death. They are filled with ardent affections and a profound reverence for the person of the Redeemer, and with aspirations of piety and love, reminding

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*A Grammar of Elocution: adapted to the Use of Teachers and Learners in the Art of Reading.* By H. O. APTHORP, A.M., M.D., Professor of Elocution. Cowperthwait & Co. Boston: Shepard, Clark, and Brown.—Apart from our own favorable opinion, we have the judgment of a competent and experienced instructor in elocution, that this treatise is not exceeded in value by any other in its department. It is arranged upon the inductive plan, and is, in fact, a thorough digest of the principles of vocal delivery. It is the result of the author's study and observation, as a practical teacher, in the Vocal Institute at Philadelphia. A system thus wrought out through experiment and a living intercourse with pupils, is likely to be far more efficient than a theory devised on mere speculation. Mr. Apthorp makes his science to consist of three principal parts,—Articulation, Intonation, and Measure. Each of these is carefully and thoroughly developed, with criticisms showing an intelligent acquaintance both with language and delivery. Abundant examples are given, and as many helps as possible are afforded by signs addressed

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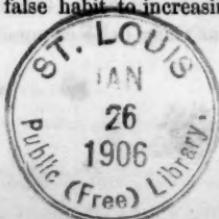
to the eye. The author is both an enthusiast and a proficient in his honorable calling, and from the love of it has devoted to it some of the best years of his life. In this age of public speech, the subject has great importance,—an importance altogether beyond the kind of attention hitherto given to it. Educators and learners will do well to examine this volume, both in its original portions and its selected exercises. There is no exaggerated claim for the system, but moderation and good sense preside over the whole. We observe the author discredits the use of head-tones, so called, and suspects that the use of spectacles by public speakers produces nasality.

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Too late in the month for any extended notice we have received the following:—

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